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NEW STATESMAN

Phone-tapping
Whitelaw's big deception

Signpost to a poisoned village

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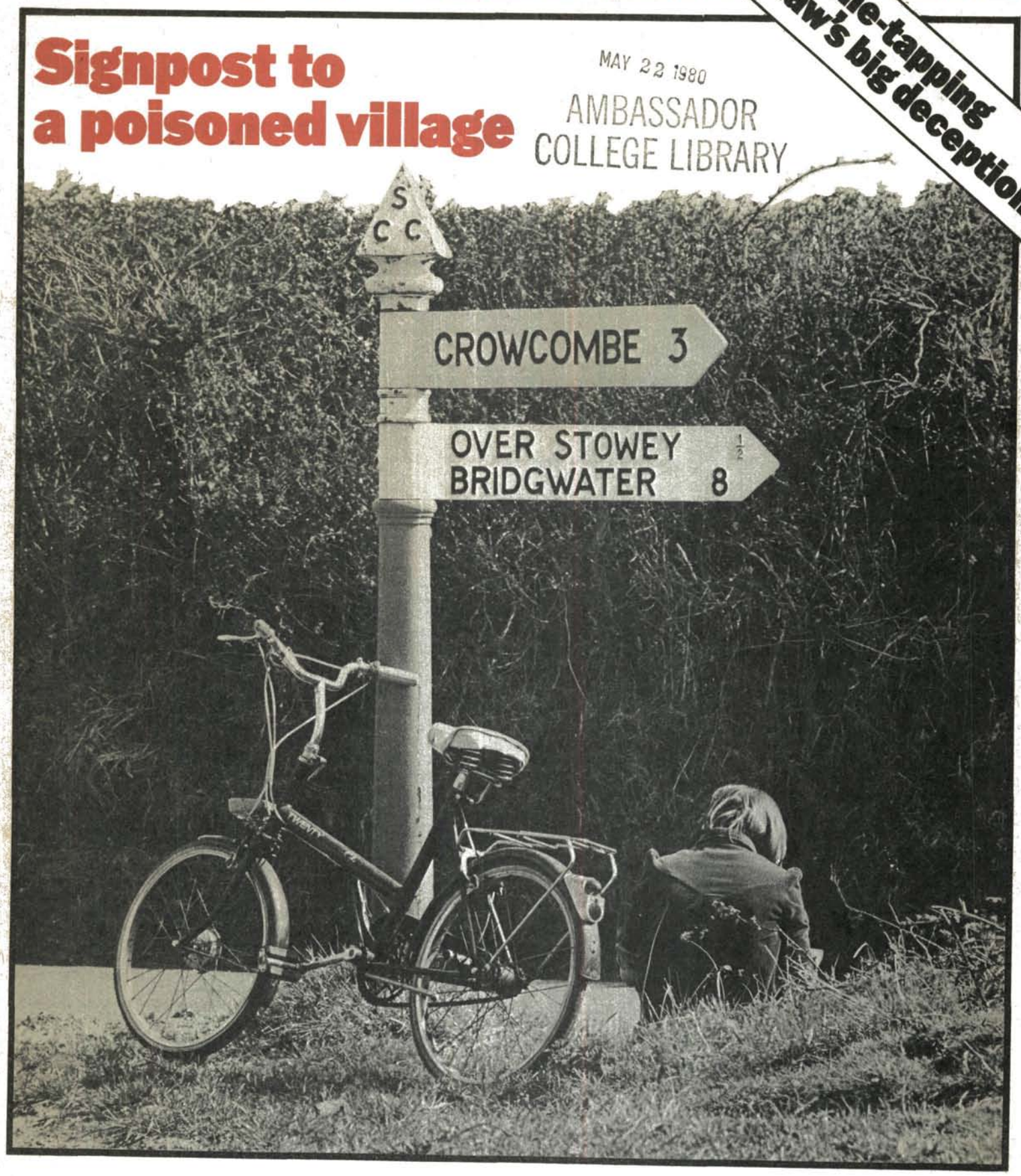

Monetarists on trial

Carter, Reagan and the failure of the Presidency

China learns to love Liu again

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NEW STATESMAN
Vol 99 11 April 1980 No 2560

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NOTES

Will Sihanouk return to Cambodia?

Anthony Barnett writes: At the beginning of this month Prince Sihanouk announced that he was willing to return to Cambodia under Heng Samrin. Speaking at a Peking press conference, he said that his country must not be a 'Vietnamese protectorate', but this formulation did not hide the shift in his position, which also opened a new stage in Cambodian politics. Previously, groups of exiles fought each other for leadership of the armed struggle against the Vietnamese and the Phnom Penh administration. Now, in addition, Khmer abroad are competing for a compromise. Sihanouk recognised that he personally had no chance of gaining an armed re-entry. He has refused to join with the Khmer Rouge, still under Pol Pot's military direction. Apparently the US amabassador to Peking, Woodcock, requested he comply with Chinese wishes in this respect, but he would not. On the other hand the right-wing guerrilla forces have refused to ally with Sihanouk, as their leaders fear a return to the humiliating subordination they knew when he ruled.

Sihanouk admitted that a degree of normalisation had returned to his country and that the Vietnamese were preferable to Pol Pot. He has probably calculated that once in Cambodia a second power centre would form around him spontaneously, and that Heng Samrin would be too weak to prevent this. Apparently Sihanouk views as a serious threat to his ambition another exiled contender who is little known because his support for the Vietnamese overthrow of Pol Pot meant that the Western media ignored him. Keng Vannsak is nonetheless a formidable personality and one of Sihanouk's older opponents whom the Prince recently disparaged at a New York press conference. A radical republican, Keng Vannsak is an historian of early Khmer culture as well as a modernist who developed a typewriter keyboard for the Khmer script. A diplomat, he was Lon Nol's representative in France, and has lived in the outskirts of Paris since 1975. He was twice jailed by Sihanouk, the last time from 1968 to 1970. Over the past year Keng Vannsak has published an anti-Chinese bulletin in support of Heng Samrin. He has yet to return to Phnom Penh, however, where his awkward presence would (like Sihanouk's) give the administration greater credibility. If Sihanouk were willing to return to a republic he does not head and if Keng Vannsak, one time Lon Nol supporter, could make his peace with Hanoi, would both return to their country despite their mutual hatred? It seems to be Cambodia's misfortune that those who wish the country to remain at peace are also unable to live with each other.

Nor are the prospects good for the mass of the people after the failure of the UN conference to raise funds for this year's badly needed food supplies. The West's rejection of UNICEF pleas for continued assistance can be compensated only in part by massive public subscription, which may help mitigate some of the now almost inevitable starvation. Acquisition of suitable seed rice from Thailand has been impeded: no one can plant without seed, nor can the starving tend a harvest. Thus while the last few weeks have seen some political advance for Cambodia, the more pessimistic projections made at the beginning of the year for the economy and the livelihood of its people seem closer to being realised.

Correction

An error occurred in last week's note *Poor performance* on the DHSS working party report on lead and health. During the editing and printing process, a paragraph referring to Dr Donald Barltrop was transposed so that it appeared, in the published note, to relate to Dr H. A. Waldron.

In the fourth paragraph of the note, the section beginning 'His relationships with the lead and oil industries. . .' to the end of that paragraph should have referred to Dr Barltrop.

We apologise to Dr Waldron and to the writer of the original article, Rick Rogers, for any inconvenience or embarrassment caused by the mistake.

Strikers test Brazil's nerve

Denis MacShane writes: Brazil's manufacturing industry, much of it foreign-owned, has been crippled by a strike that started on 1 April when 300,000 metalworkers shut down São Paulo, Brazil's industrial centre. Their claims are modest. Against a wage offer of 5 per cent (on top of the current inflation rate), they want 15 per cent, but have indicated that they would settle for 7 per cent. However, they insist that the workers should have a guarantee of their jobs after a settlement is reached, since the common practice in Brazil is to dismiss thousands of workers in higher wage brackets after a wage increase and hire new workers at minimum rates from the country's huge army of unemployed.

The striking unions also want free access to factories, so that they can put up their own notices and elect shop stewards that managements will talk to. The strikers are particularly incensed that car giants such as Ford and Volkswagen, which acknowledge trade union rights in the United States, Britain or West Germany, are refusing them in Brazil.

Previous metalworkers' strikes in Brazil have been brutally repressed. Trade unions have been 'intervened' – the favoured technique of Latin American governments, which permits them legally to take over a union, dismiss its officers and install stooges. Last October a São Paulo Metalworkers' leader, Santos Dias da Silva, was shot dead by police while he was on picket line duty. This time the unions are avoiding any action that could be considered 'provocative'. They are not mounting picket lines, and they have offered to go to mediation: the employers rejected the idea.

Despite the hostility of Brazilian television and press, the strikers are picking up support. The Regional Labour Court has refused to declare the strike illegal – the first time a court has shown neutrality in a São Paulo strike. The bishop of Santo Andre has also defended the strikers.

The employers now want the government to step in. At the end of March there was a meeting between Brazil's Labour Minister, the general in charge of the 2nd Army, based in São Paulo, and a representative of the employers. Earlier this year the São Paulo military police circulated factories with a questionnaire demanding the names of union activists. These preparations were leaked to the press in order to try to intimidate workers before their decision to go on strike.

The handling of the strike by Brazil's government will be a major test of its declared intention of moving towards democracy. Last October, in an interview with *Newsweek*, the Brazilian planning minister, Antonio Delfim, said: 'If we want a society that is politically open, we have to understand that strikers are part of it.' The strikers now wait to see how far the government's concept of political openness extends.

Move to free wives from rent arrears

Eveline Hunter writes: Local authorities who try to recoup rent arrears from the separated wives of council tenants may soon be forced to end this practice because of amendments to the two Housing Bills presently going through Parliament. In Scotland Robert Hughes, Labour MP for Aberdeen North, has succeeded in getting an amendment passed to the Tenants' Rights (Scotland) Bill which

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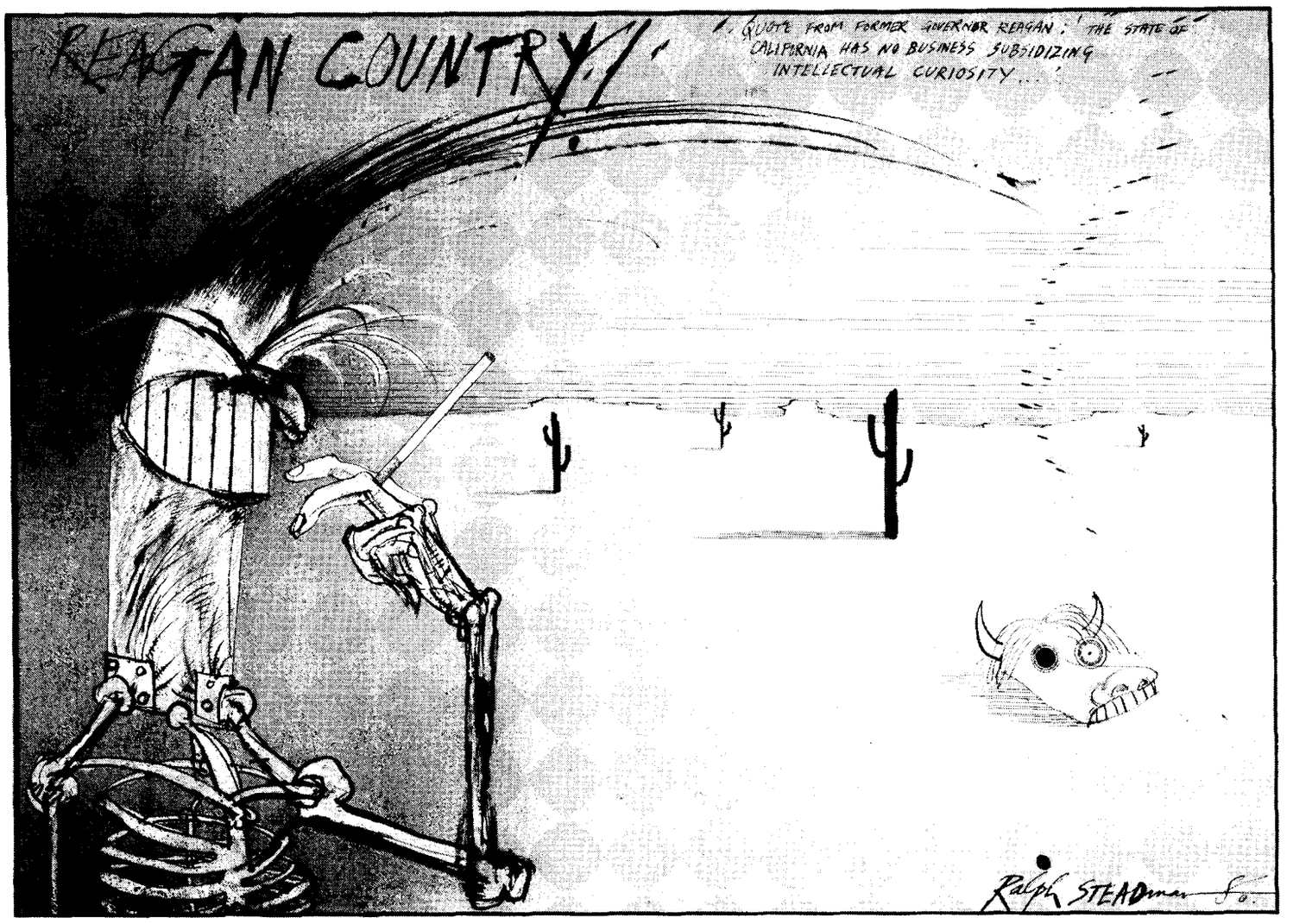
REAGAN COUNTRY!
'A QUOTE FROM FORMER GOVERNOR REAGAN: 'THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA HAS NO BUSINESS SUBSIDIZING INTELLECTUAL CURIOSITY...'
Ralph STEADman

NOTES

would prevent local authorities from taking account of debts owed by one spouse when considering transferring the tenancy or rehousing the other spouse. Legally women are not responsible for their husbands' debts, but a survey in 1978 showed that fifteen out of fifty-one Scottish districts admitted to the practice.

The amendment does not apply in England and Wales, but Frank Dobson, Labour MP for Holborn and St Pancras North, confirmed that he intends tabling a similar amendment to the Housing Bill when it reaches report stage. This could only succeed with Government support; the fact that the amendment to the Scottish Bill has already been accepted by the Scottish Secretary may encourage a similar move for England and Wales.

In England only 31.3 per cent of households are in the public sector, compared with 54 per cent in Scotland. Nevertheless the Women and Housing Group in London confirmed that they still find the practice a problem in many boroughs, especially for women in Women's Aid refuges.

In 1976 the Local Authority Commissioner for England and Wales found the Forest of Dean Council to be guilty of maladministration for pressing a woman to pay her ex-husband's debts under threat of eviction. They later repaid the money to her, but one year later, in September 1977, the Borough of Christchurch was held to be guilty of maladministration for the same reason. The man who wrote the Ombudsman reports in these two cases was Frank Dobson.

Nearly 40 per cent of all applicants under the Housing (Homeless Persons) Act have become homeless through marital dispute. According to Shelter some of these women are being considered intentionally homeless because of their husbands' rent arrears. In a recent Welsh case – Williams v. Cynon Valley Borough Council – the judge ordered the local authority to give the woman accommodation despite her husband's arrears.

The Amendments should resolve these problems, but the cowboy councils could attempt new ways around the Law. Some authorities are already making joint tenancies compulsory, thereby making both parties legally liable for the rent, although one party may be less able to ensure payment than the other.

Taking politics out of politics

Francis Wheen writes: Chief constables in the provinces should have the power to ban public processions in their area for up to three months at a time, according to Peter Imbert, chief constable of the Thames Valley Police. At the moment this power resides in local councils.

Since Imbert is tipped to succeed Sir David McNee as Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, it is surprising that his comments – in a speech delivered at University College Cardiff last month – have not received greater attention. Having proposed this new power for provincial chief constables Imbert continued: 'You may argue that this places chief constables in a political arena, indeed an arena where it has been alleged a few of my colleagues may already be. I believe the contrary: investing the powers in the chief constable would remove this sensitive issue from local politics and place it in the arena of public order. I don't deny this will place heavy responsibility on the shoulders of the police but at least it would be a responsibility of their making instead of, as at present, a requirement to enforce a decision which could well have been made purely on political grounds, and one which presently could be coloured either by the politics of the local authority, by the politics of the person organising the procession, or indeed by both. The policeman's only motivation is peace and good order and in my view the decision not to ban must also be taken on public order grounds and not from a political consideration.'

Imbert adds that the conditions he has proposed for processions should also apply to public meetings: the police should have the power to determine the number of people attending the meeting and the number of stewards required; they should also have the power to ban the meeting altogether. Most startling of all are Imbert's thoughts on election meetings: 'Election meetings are in a category of their own under the Representation of the People Act 1949. But it is this type of meeting – particularly when certain political factions are involved – which is at the centre of the majority of disturbances. At present they enjoy more facilities than any other type of meeting and the local authorities are required to facilitate the various political parties in their endeavours to meet and address the electorate. I ask the question whether the time has arrived when such meetings should be the subject of the same proposed policies towards assemblies.'

Imbert's belief that the police are better equipped to decide on 'sensitive issues' than elected local representatives, because the force is 'non-political', looks a little odd in view of remarks elsewhere in his speech. 'It is the meeting and the assemblies that are designed or exploited by pressure groups for their particular aims that cause the maximum disorder and disruption, and they are the ones I would seek to influence and thereby give truth to the words "freedom of speech, debate and assembly". There are elements in our society who are prepared to use our democratic system for their own ends but once having gained power by that, their system will deny those rights to others.' It is doubtless true that there

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are such elements in our society; but if, as Imbert maintains, police decisions to ban assemblies would be taken purely on 'public order' grounds, why should he 'seek to influence' meetings on the basis of the form of government favoured by those who hold the meetings?

Africa brings peace to Birmingham

Paul Foot writes: For once, here is a story with a happy ending.

NS readers with long memories may remember a story last 3 August about Bridget Parsons, a maths teacher in Birmingham. Bridget was demonstrating outside the Polyanna Club, which had been found by the Commission for Racial Equality to discriminate against black people. While demonstrating, she was arrested, taken to the police station and charged with threatening behaviour, obstruction and assault. She was convicted and fined £540.

The *Birmingham Evening Mail* (editor: David Hopkinson) promptly started a campaign to get her sacked from her teaching post in a comprehensive school. The campaign was nearly successful. Bridget Parsons was obliged to move schools, and received from the Birmingham Education Committee a 'final warning'. She was, as far as the Tories in charge of Birmingham education were concerned, very much in disgrace, not to say in the corner.

Now, however, Bridget Parsons has come to the attention of the Birmingham Education Committee in a rather different light. For the last five years she has been living with the children of a citizen of Zimbabwe, Didymus Mutasa. She met Mr. Mutasa while she was teaching in Rhodesia several years ago. Didymus later became the financial director of ZANU and his wife Gertrude worked for many years in the Mozambique hospitals for wounded ZANU soldiers in the Rhodesian war. During most of this time their children (aged 4 to 15) lived with Bridget Parsons in Birmingham.

Didymus Mutasa is now the Speaker of the newly elected Zimbabwean House of Representatives and a member of Robert Mugabe's Government. Each member of the government is allowed to invite two guests from abroad to the Rhodesian independence celebrations later this month. Naturally, Bridget Parsons was Didymus Mutasa's first choice.

She had a problem. She needed two weeks off teaching and for this she had to get the permission of the Birmingham Education Committee. Her headmaster didn't hold out too much hope.

But permission was granted with great enthusiasm. When Mrs Wilkes, Birmingham Education Committee's chairwoman, came to Bridget Parsons's school recently for an official function, she specially asked to meet her, and told her that her invitation to Zimbabwe was a 'great honour' for Birmingham. Bridget Parsons was asked to pass on to the new government the 'best wishes' of the Birmingham Corporation. 'Perhaps we'll see you on the telly' said Mrs Wilkes.

Williams won't quit

Bruce Page writes: The NS editor must expect to cop regular political crossfire. Our diarist Tariq Ali, pointing out that Labour politicians only become media heroes 'when . . . in office, under attack from the Left, or when they leave the Labour Party', mentioned in the same breath Reg Prentice, Roy Jenkins, George Brown and Shirley Williams. Mrs Williams says she refuses to be bracketed with those who have crossed the floor, who canvass for a new Centre Party, or write denunciations of Labour in the pop Sundays. If she's under attack from the Left, she will join battle inside the NEC. She hasn't quit the party, and isn't going to.

Tariq says he didn't mean to suggest she had, or would. I have put it to him that moderate ultras have their fine, but vital distinctions, just like left-wing ultras. How would he feel about a sentence which suggested there wasn't much to choose between him, Alex Mitchell of the WRP and Ted Grant of Militant?

Jim Caldwell

Welsh police go political

A CAMPAIGN FOR CIVIL and political liberties will be launched in Cardiff next week following the arrest of more than 50 Welsh nationalists and language campaigners. A series of swoops by the four police forces in Wales began within hours of the planting of fire bombs outside Tory Party offices in Shotton and Cardiff. Some of those picked up belonged to two radical nationalist groups, Cofiwn and Adfer, but others had no connection with extreme groups and feel they were arrested purely because of their political views.

Four men were charged after the raids and are now in custody in Dolgellau. All the others, including four nationalist candidates at the last general election were released. Members of the Labour and Liberal parties, Plaid Cymru, the Welsh Language Society and branches of the National Council for Civil Liberties have already given their support to the campaign – which will be launched at a meeting on Tuesday where Dafydd Elis Thomas, Nationalist MP for Merioneth, is to speak. Other MPs who have expressed concern are Geraint Howells (Liberal), Ray Powell (Labour) and Dafydd Wigley (Plaid).

Membership of nationalist organisations seems to have been the only ground for arrest in many cases. Magistrates appear to have signed warrants on these grounds alone. A lecturer in law at University College, Cardiff, is investigating all the cases and will give an interim report next week. The job is a big one because people were picked up all over Wales. The complete evidence will be published and sent to the Home Secretary and the four Chief Constables.

The denial of access to lawyers has caused particular concern. Solicitor Michael Jones telephoned Carmarthen police station and was told they did not know where his client was. It later emerged, however, that the client had been held there since his arrest. Detective Chief Inspector Pat Molloy, head of the Dyfed-Powys CID, commented that legal access could 'inhibit investigations and impede the course of justice'. One police source suggested that some lawyers were considered 'unreliable' because of their nationalist views. Molloy went on: 'These decisions are not taken lightly but at the highest level . . . As soon as we feel the possibility of interference with our inquiries is removed they will be allowed access to family and legal advisers.'

Dafydd Thomas believes that the bombs at Tory offices on 28 March may have led to a call for action from the Home Office, worried about the escalation of the arson campaign against holiday homes. Another theory is that the South Wales CID, whose detectives had just completed a massive murder hunt, decided to react toughly to the first such incident on their patch and pushed the other forces to join in.

The dawn raids and arrests may have advanced inquiries into the 36 fires since 13 December, but the police have been accused of overkill. They are still holding quantities of documents and have suggested their critics should keep quiet until they see the results of the operation. But how large a net can legitimately be used in the hope of catching those responsible for the arson campaign? According to Dafydd Thomas, people in his constituency have been asked during door-to-door inquiries how they voted at the last election. Several of those arrested say they were questioned about their political beliefs.

ONE OF THOSE picked up, a teacher from South Wales, is worried about the effect publicity would have on his job and standing in the community. He has been active in Plaid Cymru for more than 20 years but is not known to hold extreme views.

He arrived home at about 4.30 on the day the bomb was found in Cardiff. Seven detectives were waiting for him and they searched his home for two hours. Files and books – including a New Testament in Welsh – were gone through page by page. The detectives took away a piece of blotting paper, an old car clock with no hands found in the garden shed, and a pair of what he called 'snippers' – part of a children's game – which were put in a plastic bag marked 'wire cutters'. Unlike many of those picked up he was questioned about a specific incident – the bomb at the Tory offices. He says he offered to account for his movements from the start, but was told to wait. He was arrested when he refused to go to the police station to answer questions, saying he was willing to answer them at home.

He was held for several hours but was allowed to speak to his solicitor by phone. His alibi was checked with the people he had named. 'I did not like the idea' he says 'that they were going to go round those people saying they were investigating the bombs and asking questions about me.' He believes that the raid was intended not only to discredit him, but also frighten other people: 'I don't want a situation to develop where people are afraid to contribute their ideas to progressive organisations, or to say of the arson campaign "I don't agree with it but I understand why it has happened".'

Hugh Lawrence, a lecturer in Aberystwyth, was picked up while shopping with his son. He was taken to the police station and asked about a particular fire while a total of ten detectives searched his home. He gave an alibi within ten minutes, he says, but was held for 22 hours. A typewriter, books and an exam paper due to be sat by students this summer were taken from the house. In another case a publisher of Welsh books was held for 60 hours before being released.

Michael Peterson of the Cardiff branch of the NCCL points out that a cardinal principle of British justice is that people are innocent until proven guilty and should be treated accordingly; the denial of access to lawyers was a breach of the Judges Rules. Next week's meeting will see two funds launched – one in aid of the four who have been charged and the other to finance the report being prepared on the arrests. Peterson hopes the campaign will lead to changes in the law and make such an operation impossible in the future.

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Tapping: facts behind the official line

Last week, the Home Office published its own account of tapping and mail opening. DUNCAN CAMPBELL dissects the new White Paper.

LAST WEEK'S eight-page White Paper on the 'Interception of Communications in Great Britain'* looks slim indeed, when compared to the detailed 40-page report on the same subject which Lord Birkett and others submitted almost 23 years ago. Both reports omitted a good many salient facts; last week's was the more serious offender.

Its chief deception is that it makes no mention of the principal government department working on the interception of communications in Britain: Government Communications Headquarters (GCHQ). At least ten thousand people are directly or indirectly employed in its 'communications intelligence' (COMINT) activities in Britain. Nor are they solely concerned with, for example, breaking the secret codes of foreign powers. As revealed in the NEW STATESMAN (1 February 1980) the tapping centre in Chelsea known to the police as 'Tinkerbell' was designed, and much of its equipment provided by GCHQ. GCHQ also receives much of Tinkerbell's intelligence, as do other, better known agencies, MI5 and MI6.

The White Paper does not deny our report; it merely avoids the issue by noting that the warrants discussed therein are issued for the

> purposes (of) the police, HM Customs and Excise and the Security Service (MI5). . .

Neither GCHQ nor the Secret Intelligence Service (MI6) are included in the list; yet all are substantial users of information from intercepted communications.

The 'safeguards' in the tapping rules were published last week; but they fall a long way short of balancing personal and political liberty with the need to serve the public interest. In the case of tapping by the police, the restrictions sound fine:

> the offence must be really serious; normal methods of investigation must . . . from the nature of things be unlikely to succeed . . . interception would be likely to lead to arrest and conviction.

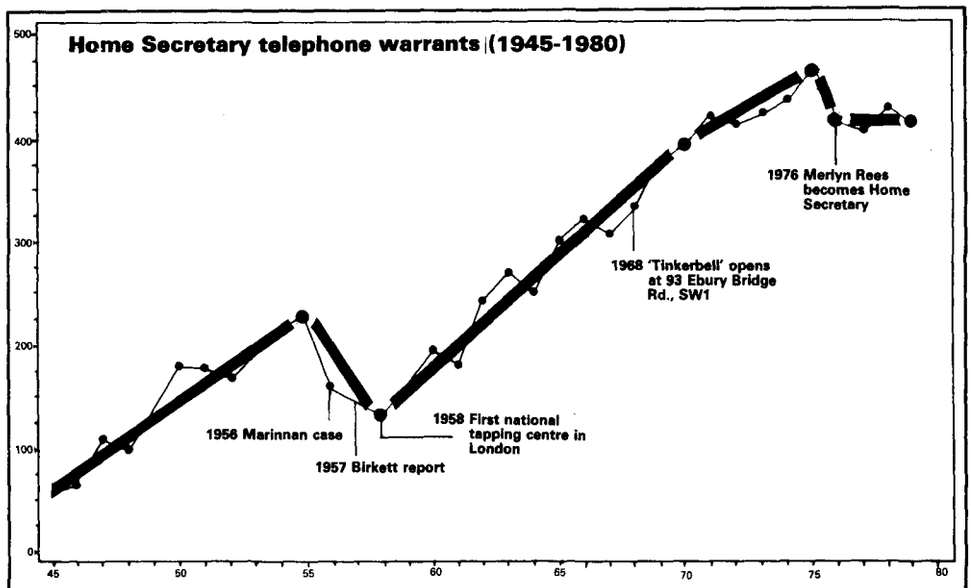
But 'serious' doesn't mean what it used to mean. It normally means an offence with a likely minimum sentence of three years' imprisonment, but it can also mean

> an offence of lesser gravity in which either a large number of people is involved or there is good reason to apprehend the use of violence. . .

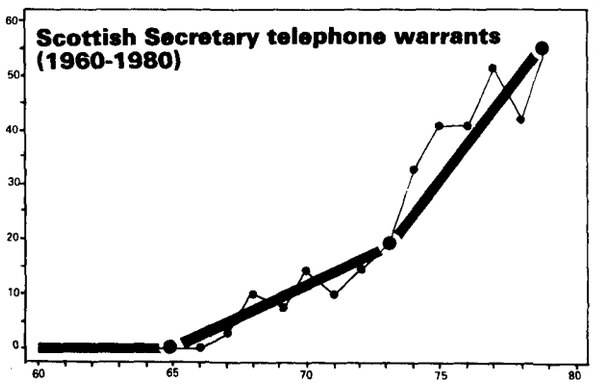
This could be interpreted to cover any industrial dispute or 'political' case.

The 'safeguards' affecting the Security Service are significantly weaker, since no offence need ever take place; the SS merely have to demonstrate that interception will 'be of direct use in compiling the information that is necessary . . . in carrying out (its) tasks'. The target of the interception must be 'major subversive, terrorist or espionage activity' – but the current Home Office definition of what constitutes subversion is so wide as to permit the inclusion of much ordinary trades

*Command 7873, published by HMSO.



The White Paper 'brings up to date' the Birkett report on the interception of communications, and gives statistics from 1958 to 1979 on warrants issued by the Home Secretary and the Secretary of State for Scotland. The figures, on careful examination, do not bear out Mr Whitelaw's contention that there has been a 'modest overall increase' in the total amount of interception – even leaving aside the omissions and other aspects of the White Paper.



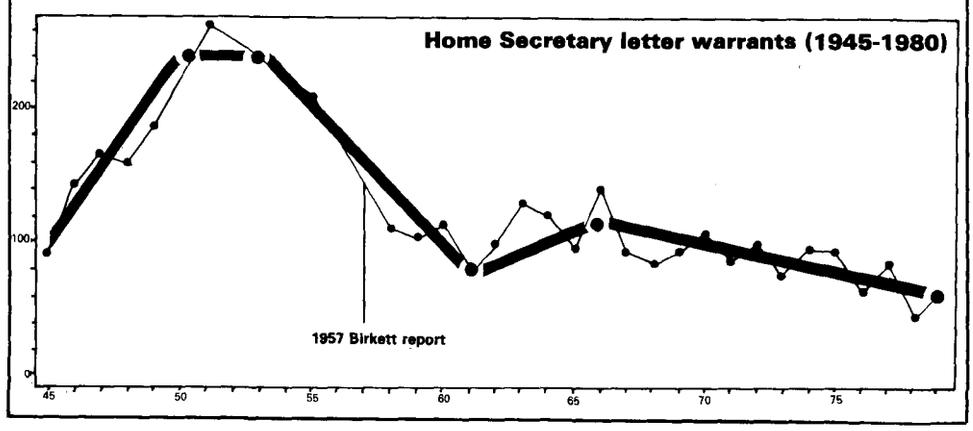
By plotting the newly released figures, a very different picture emerges (see graphs). Warrants for tapping in Scotland, according to the published information were virtually non-existent until 1967. During 1967-69, the number of warrants issued annually was ten or less. During 1979, 56 warrants were issued in Scotland.

The rise in the number of Home Secretary's telephone tapping warrants issued yearly in England and Wales is less startling. From an immediate postwar low of 56, the number of warrants issued rose to peak at 231 in 1955. Thereafter, it has slumped, probably for two reasons. First cold war security hysteria was coming to an end. Second, public concern about telephone tapping was at a peak in 1956/7, provoked by a 1956 case in which telephone tapping information had been passed outside the public service, and which led to the setting up of the Birkett Inquiry in June 1957.

After Birkett, as the NEW STATESMAN suggested two months ago, there came a sharp boom – from 129 warrants in 1958 to 468 in 1975 – a rise of more than 250 per cent. As can be seen clearly from the trend of the graph, the rise began immediately after Birkett reported, and recommended that in future figures on tapping should not be made public. The rise continued through the 60s, long before international terrorism, invoked by Whitelaw as a case for growth, became a serious problem. Indeed, the rate of growth of tapping seems, if anything, to have slackened around 1970, just when terrorist activities were beginning to make their mark.

The most startling feature of the graph is the abrupt dip and levelling off which takes place in 1976. The reason for this feature is unclear from evidence published so far. It clearly does not relate to tight security reins which Merlyn Rees might claim to have imposed after his arrival at the Home Office from Northern Ireland.

The only downward trend is in the number of warrants issued for mail interception. Part of the explanation may be in the removal or downgrading of offences concerning the transmission of, for example, obscene material through the post.



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union and even Labour Party activity.

The report admits, as the NEW STATESMAN claimed, that warrants for a 'target' organisation, person or activity exist and may cover multiple lines without restriction on the total involved. Thus, the number of warrants issued is less than the number of lines they cover – substantially less, according to our sources. The existence of 'general' warrants, which specify a general target only, and allow civil servants to add or remove the telephone lines involved at will, was admitted, if somewhat eliptically. The White Paper explains that the Secretary of State 'may delegate' to the civil service power to amend a warrant. In other words, once the Home Secretary has approved a single warrant to tap the telephone line of a 'target' organisation, fifty more lines of individual members could be added without his consent being needed.

There are further discrepancies between the number of warrants issued and the number of lines tapped. Clement Freud MP spotted one, and asked Mr Whitelaw

> whether the number of interception orders is cumulative – that is to say, those currently in force – or is the number given simply that of the new orders that have been published?

Whitelaw didn't answer the question, leaving open the possibility that 'permanent' warrants for MI5 and the Special Branch (which are re-authorised every six months) are only enumerated once – in the year in which they were first issued. The cumulative number of warrants in force would thus be rather more than that implied by the yearly total published in the White Paper.

Freud also asked Whitelaw to reveal the breakdown of the totals between Customs and Excise, MI5, and police. That question wasn't answered either. But the Home Office, inadvertently, has given a clue to the answer. The White Paper, in a separate table, included figures for the number of warrants signed and in operation at the end of three sample years. These figures may be compared with the total number of warrants signed during the year:

Year	Signed during year	In force at 31 Dec.
1958	129	95
1968	333	155
1978	428	214

Since a normal warrant lasts only two months, the number of warrants said to be in operation at the years' end is astonishingly high. Since warrants for taps by the Special Branch and MI5 are normally renewed for six months at a time, the likely explanation is that most of the warrants go to those two agencies, and that many warrants are more or less permanent. On the basis of simple assumptions and some simple maths (warrants issued evenly through the year, and say, once) the proportion of 'security' warrants may be calculated. For 1968 and 1978, the proportion is about 75 per cent.

THE NUMEROUS OPPORTUNITIES for fiddling the figures, detailed above, go a considerable distance towards explaining the discrepancy between the apparently 'modest' overall figures for warrants issued, and the capacity (of more than 1,000 lines) of the national phone tapping centre in Ebury Bridge Road, London SW1, where the warrants are put into action by the Post Office. Merlyn Rees told journalists recently (NS 15 February 1980) that during his time as Home Secretary, 2-3,000 lines were tapped every year, and 250-400 warrants were in force at any one time. Last week, Rees greeted the White Paper's rather smaller figures with an almost audible sigh, and a sycophantic speech. He did not offer any suggestions as to how his memory had previously failed him – or, more likely in which way the Home Office had obligingly doctored the real figures down to more 'modest' levels.

At least Whitelaw did acknowledge that some tapping, particularly in Northern Ireland, was not covered by the White Paper. The House of Commons was told that tapping in Northern Ireland was done under the same 'conditions and safeguards';

> subject only to overriding requirements for dealing with terrorism. . .

which means, in effect, no safeguards for liberty or privacy at all.

There was no mention of the warrants for tapping which are signed by the Foreign Secretary (for GCHQ and SIS), or by the Prime Minister; nor was there any mention of the (reputedly) delegated power of the Cabinet Secretary to sign warrants on the PM's behalf. This whole area was omitted even from the Birkett report. It became clear in 1967 that a permanent warrant authorising the interception of overseas telegrams by GCHQ was in force when Birkett reported – but the subject wasn't touched.

Today, this omission is even more important. The continuing re-equipment of the telephone tapping operation changed it from a highly specific and comparatively easily regulated activity, closely linked to clear offences and areas of concern, to generalised intelligence – gathering and surveillance, carried out as part of GCHQ's recognised COMINT job – but turned inward on the British people. The sudden drop in Home Secretary's warrants after 1975 may be one indication that the surveillance 'load' on MI5 has been transferred to GCHQ. Although the government has alluded to 'fears about new technology' as one reason for the recent statement, they have offered nothing to allay such fears. Last year, in the *Malone* court case on the legality of police tapping, Vice Chancellor Sir Robert Megarry commented that tapping was a subject which 'cries out for legislation'. This cry has now been watered down to a 'consideration', which the government has dismissed as unsuitable for scrutiny by Parliament or the courts. Instead, a single judge will be asked to exercise rather less substantial oversight on a very partial brief.

The UK may well be in breach of its international obligations. Although the European Convention of Human Rights makes no specific mention of telephone tapping, the European Court has ruled that 'powers of secret surveillance of citizens, characterising as they do the police state, are tolerable under the Convention only in so far as strictly necessary for safeguarding the democratic institutions'; the Court must be satisfied that 'there exist adequate and effective guarantees against abuse'. In Germany, tapping warrants are supervised by a Parliamentary commission and the victim of tapping has eventually to be informed: these provisions were found to be acceptable under the Convention – but only just. The Home Office plan for a single judge will not suffice.

ECONOMICS
Jeremy Bray

Backbench economists to question Chancellor on monetarism

Howe to face the music

NEXT Tuesday Sir Geoffrey Howe, Chancellor of the Exchequer, will have the opportunity of defending his belief in monetarism when he appears before the new Select Committee on the Treasury on 14 April. Previously he has been content repeatedly to describe monetary relationships as 'complex', to dismiss counter evidence as 'arid theoretical dispute', and to claim, 'there is no alternative policy.' At the Select Committee he will find MPs of his own and opposing parties as sceptical about Thatcher-Howe monetarism as about Callaghan-Healey monetarism, who are prepared to enter into any degree of complexity Sir Geoffrey cares to raise with us. As a committee we have an equal appreciation of the dangers of weather cock pragmatism and arid theory. And we are prepared to deploy the argument and evidence needed to construct not just one but many alternative policies, between which it is possible to make a political choice with some indication of its likelihood of success.

Sir Geoffrey is right when he says monetary relationships are complex. That is why among the advisers we have invited to help us are Professor Harold Rose, Group Economic Adviser to Barclays Bank, to cover institutional considerations; Dr Alan Budd to contribute his point of view and resources from the London Business School, and a trio of economists from the younger generation, Professors Marcus Miller, David Hendry and Willem Buiter to formulate and test the alternative economic theories put to us, and to design policy appropriate to alternative objectives. The principal UK model builders, and the Programme of Research into Optimal Policy Evaluation at Imperial College, will also be asked to contribute. Apart from the principal agents – Ministers, the Treasury, the Bank of England, the discount houses, the clearing banks, foreign central banks and the IMF – we are inviting a wide range of economists to give evidence. A number of arguments and lines of analysis have already emerged.

The government's brand of monetarism consists of a theory – the quantity theory of money; a policy rule – pre-set growth of the money supply; and various supporting theories – on the rate of growth of productive potential, the formulation of expectations, and their influence on behaviour. As many of the brighter young Tory MPs did not hesitate to point out in the Budget debate, such monetarism is no more a necessary foundation for Tory beliefs in free enterprise and low public expenditure, than it is for Labour ideals of equality and social justice. It may be a wise and valid doctrine for both parties, as the Chancellor would have us believe, or it may be a hideously expensive mistake. Either way it may offer elements of insight which can be

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used within another policy framework. That is for the Select Committee to investigate.

THE QUANTITY THEORY of money argues not only that national income at current prices varies proportionately (but with long and variable lags) with the quantity of money, but that variations in the quantity of money *cause* national income at current prices to vary. Furthermore since output, it is argued, can only increase with productive potential, and that cannot be increased above its trend by monetary or fiscal policy, the effect of monetary expansion can only be a short-lived increase of output before prices catch up and output falls to its previous level.

Evidence for this view is remarkably hard to come by, but the Select Committee will look for it. The evidence would take the form of econometric equations fitted to the UK data over recent years, showing how money supply, prices, national income, and perhaps wages, interest rates, the exchange rate, the public sector borrowing requirement and the sale of government stock depend upon each other's past and present values. At the common sense level, wage negotiators do not visibly defer to the money supply figures; stopping investment for five years does not obviously modernise industry, and costs are not obviously reduced by operating at low levels of output in increasingly capital-intensive industry. If anyone can show the Select Committee that the monetarist theories stated above are consistent with the UK data, that will be of great interest. Certainly none of the principal UK models – Treasury, London Business School, National Institute of Economic and Social Research, Bank of England – as derived from the data, portray such behaviour. They can be bent in the way in which they are customarily used in economic forecasting to conform with such behaviour, but that is not evidence. It is re-presentation of the theory, in distortion of the evidence.

In 1975-77, realising that more broadly based models of the economy were outperforming monetarist models in the United States, monetarists seized upon an argument about expectations. It is argued, quite reasonably, that in setting prices and wages people were influenced not merely by their past and present levels, but also by what they expected to happen in the future. Furthermore people based their expectations rationally on the best evidence available, and the market made sure that they did. This rationality was given precise form by assuming that people's expectations conformed with forecasts made by the 'true' economic model. Lucas, Sargent and Wallace, and Kydland and Prescott showed that, with people being influenced by expectations of the future, including the future results of government policy, government policies would not work as they might be expected to do if people looked only at the past. Examples were given of how government policies were simply cancelled out by the public's actions. Supposedly 'best' or optimal government policies were shown to be time-inconsistent: in plain language, they required the government systematically to break its promises. It was argued that this supported the case for the government acting only according to fixed rules, for example declaring in advance the path of growth of money supply over the medium term. That was the stage of the debate reached when Ministers came into office, committed to the policies we now see in action.

However, it has now been shown that some of these problems stem not from rational expectations nor from optional policies: they are due to the particular model chosen. Time-consistent optimal government policies have been demonstrated, and models produced where government policies only have a positive effect when people *do* act with rational expectations, instead of the policies ceasing to have an effect. As expectations are formed more rationally, it can be argued that this speeds up the consequences of government action, cancelling it out more rapidly in models where previously this took longer. In Professor Minford's model at Liverpool University, the response is so quick that according to him we could have zero inflation very quickly if we took his advice and adopted sufficiently draconiam policies. Others, including the government, are not convinced, but the government have not produced evidence in support of their policies either.

If people do somehow form correct expectations, then it is extraordinarily difficult to say how they do. Supposing by a process we have failed to understand, someone has discovered how to form correct expectations. Then if it is just one person or group, they will be sitting silently on their mounting piles of gold as they exploit their market advantage. If it is many people then it should be possible to deduce from the behaviour of the market what those expectations are and how they are formed. But efforts in this direction have borne little fruit. It has been shown theoretically that competitive free markets can produce prices in conformity with correct expectations in only the most exceptional cases: this creates a problem not only as to how people initially learn the system, but also as to how they can follow correctly the constantly changing structure of technology of the market.

The idea of rational expectations is important but there is close to unanimity among the original authors, and other economists who have taken up the idea, that it does not justify fixed monetary rules of the type being pursued by the Tory government. (See most recently the February 1980 special issue on rational expectations analysis of the *Journal of Economic Dynamics and Control*.) It is generally agreed that rules are preferable to haphazard discretionary changes of policy by the government, which can only increase the uncertainty and lower the performance of the system. That does not mean politicians and political judgement should be replaced by auto-pilots, but that the unavoidable political judgement can be rather better informed than it has sometimes been in the past. The type of rules needed should however be contingent rules which adapt the policy to relevant circumstances, rather than fixed money supply rules.

Obviously, the best rules are those which serve the final objectives of policy – growth, full employment, stable prices, and the balance of payments. Intermediate objectives for the money supply may have a part to play, but only in so far as they serve the final objectives.The Select Committee has the apparatus available from the Programme of Research into Optimal Policy Evaluation (PROPE) for deducing these optimal policies from the best available empirical evidence of how the economy works. This evidence will be in the form of the principal UK models, and any variants of these for which our advisers or others can establish an empirical or theoretical case. The formation of expectations, if these are called for by the model, can be treated simultaneously with the derivation of optimal future policies. PROPE can produce not merely a set of tables showing presently needed policy adjustments and expected future adjustments and the outturn, as in the Budget Report – events will certainly depart from such forecasts, due to the unavoidable uncertainties in the economy; but PROPE can also produce 'dynamic multipliers' or 'step response' tables showing how both optimal policies and the outturn can be expected to respond to an 'unexpected' shock, like an unexpected rise in prices, or fall in the current balance of payments. PROPE can also show the margin of uncertainty under optimal policies of future policy instruments and endogenous variables. Such optimal policies can be compared with optimal policies from other models. If US experience is anything to go by, optimal policies from different models are likely to be qualitatively similar. And optimal policies can be compared with the result from fixed and from simpler contigent rules.

These methods go rather beyond any that have been used in the Treasury or the Bank of England in the evaluation and comparison of policy rules. PROPE will be able to carry out the design and evaluation of policy rules for the Select Committee, using the London Business School and National Institute of Economic and Social Research models. It will be for the Treasury and the Bank of England to produce comparable work on their models, using the PROPE computer programmes if they wish.

Market response and institutional practicality must be a major factor in the design of rules. On the face of it, contingent rules in the form of 'step response' tables for 'unexpected' shocks would seem well adapted to use by financial markets as background guidance. The Chancellor's recent Green Paper on Monetary Control proposed a pre-set graduated scale of adjustments of the Bank of England's Minimum Lending Rate in response to deviations of money supply from its target rate. This introduces the idea of adjustment rules, but whether such a mechanistic process based on such narrow considerations is the best form of rule seems doubtful.

The likely outcome of any sensible optimal rules on any of the principal UK models in the present situation would be a lowering of interest rates to ease the crucifying level of the exchange rate, at the cost of some outflow of funds and some increase in inflation. It is a small price to pay to prevent our North Sea oil revenues destroying British industry. There are those who will say there are quicker ways of changing government policy than the careful painstaking enquiry into monetary policy planned by the Select Committee. There are. But I do not know of a quicker way of producing a viable alternative. Any alternative macro-economic policy will not solve Britain's problems, but it could at least give industry a chance.

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IRELAND
Mary Holland

The 10-year-old Regiment has a long history of sectarian violence

Skeletons in the closet of the UDR

THIS MONTH the Ulster Defence Regiment, the youngest regiment in the British Army, celebrates its tenth birthday. Already much has been made in the media of this happy event, the courage of Northern Ireland's own part-time soldiers engaged in a merciless terrorist war against the Provisional IRA which has meant that to date 103 of its members have been killed, often off duty, in brutal circumstances. Rather less emphasis has been placed on the murders, bombings and sectarian killings, in which members or former members of the UDR have been convicted in the courts and which have given the young Regiment a strong claim to having the worst record for serious crime of any in the British Army.

In Northern Ireland, inevitably, such crime is mainly sectarian in nature, unsurprising since the UDR is 98 per cent Protestant in its membership. Even British readers, weary and bored of tales of Ulster atrocities, may well remember some of the most shocking cases which the province has suffered in recent years and with which the UDR was associated. There was for example the Miami Showband killing, in which a pop group from the Irish Republic on their way home from a gig in the North were stopped by a patrol of seven men wearing UDR uniforms. Five members of the group were killed. Detectives investigating the murder believe that all seven members of the patrol were either members or ex-members of the UDR, though only two were subsequently convicted. More recently there was the case of the Shankhill butchers, when a horrifying tale was told in court of Catholics in Belfast being terrorised – and eight killed – by a gang using meat cleavers and butchers' knives. After the trial it was admitted that one of those convicted in connection with the case (though admittedly in a fairly minor role) had been a member of the UDR at the time of the crimes, although he was discharged from the Regiment prior to the trial.

Nor have the attentions of the few 'bad apples' in the Regiment been devoted exclusively to Catholics. One of the more macabre cases, involving the UDR in South Derry, concerned the murder of a 71-year-old farmer, Samuel Millar. Mr Millar's misfortunes began when he found three men changing the number plates on a car after an armed robbery. He reported the matter to the police and in due course found himself scheduled to appear as a prosecution witness at the trial of those involved. He was visited at the farm by one Robert Davis, who tried to persuade him to change his mind. Millar refused and Davis hit him over the head with a bar, it later emerged in court, and then drove over him. A local Catholic later saw some men digging a grave on the shore of a nearby lake. He told the Provisional IRA who passed the information on to the police on the confidential telephone line. When nothing was done about it the Provos issued a statement giving details of what had been seen. Davis and an accomplice, both wearing UDR uniforms and driving a UDR vehicle, then went to the grave, dug up the corpse, dressed it in another UDR uniform, propped it between them on the driving seat of the vehicle, drove through two army checkpoints and reburied the unfortunate dead farmer.

It might have been passed off successfully as another mystery killing had not the accomplice in the second burial gone to England, where he 'found God' in Birmingham and told all to the British police. The information was passed on to the Ulster police and still nothing was done; finally three Scotland Yard detectives flew to Northern Ireland, when Millar's body was finally discovered and Davis brought to justice.

MICHAEL CANAVAN, the Social Democratic and Labour Party's spokesman on law and order, has records of 36 instances of serious 'sectarian crime' by members of the Regiment, but believes that the real figure is probably much larger than this since most members charged with crimes are immediately discharged and the fact that they have been in the UDR may never come out in court. By 'serious sectarian crime' he means murders, bombings, thefts of arms, serious intimidation and so on. There has also been a plethora of minor cases involving illegal possessions of arms, small thefts and drunk and disorderly charges, which might not count as serious except that every member of the UDR is entitled to carry a gun for his personal protection.

While the Northern Ireland Office does not seriously challenge Mr Canavan's figures (there is some quibbling over what counts as 'sectarian crime'), it maintains that these figures are tiny compared with the number of personnel who have passed through the Regiment in the ten years since it was founded – a fraction of a fraction of one per cent is the official dismissive formula. This is not reassuring to Catholics. On the contrary, one of the things that most alarms them is the large numbers who join the UDR, stay in it for a short time during which they receive sophisticated training in the use of weapons and explosives, and then drop out. While the Regiment now numbers 7,500 (5,000 of whom are part-time), it has a high turnover. In the decade of its existence a total of 21,000 people have served in it. Recently Andy Tyrie, 'Supreme Commander' of the paramilitary Ulster Defence Association, said in an interview that he had encouraged his members to join the Regiment 'to get weapon training'. The Army's response to this is that they cannot refuse admission to members of the Ulster Defence Association because it is not an illegal organisation, although they would screen such applicants carefully.

Even more disturbing perhaps was the revelation, made in a letter from the then Minister of State, Lord Melchett, to Michael Canavan in July 1977, that members of Army Cadet Corps, aged between 13 and 17, attached to schools in Northern Ireland, received training from members of the UDR, including training in the use of weapons. It should be explained here that such cadet corps, a common enough phenomenon in British schools, are, for historic reasons, to be found almost exclusively in Protestant schools in Northern Ireland, and often in schools where the pupils come from 'hard line' areas. While the Provisional IRA has been regularly excoriated in the British media for using young people to commit terrorist crimes, the wisdom of the British Army in training youngsters in the use of weapons, particularly when they may live in areas where they will be vulnerable to pressure from extremist organisations, is – to say the least – open to question.

THE NORTHERN IRELAND office points to the increased use of the UDR to patrol the streets of Northern Ireland and operate check points, etc., as part of the success of its 'Ulsterisation' policy which entails handing over more and more responsibility for security in the province to local people. The UDR now does two-thirds of the regular patrols in Northern Ireland, with the exception of the toughest Republican areas, and the presence of the British Army on the streets has dwindled. Catholics view this development with something less than equanimity.

When the UDR was formed ten years ago, in the first flush of Jim Callaghan's reforming zeal, it was designed to replace the hated 'B Specials' with a non-partisan force to which both sides of the community could give their support. Catholic politicians encouraged their constituents to join it and for a brief honeymoon period Catholics did form 28 per cent of the Regiment. That has now dropped to two per cent and, while Catholic reluctance to join is due to a complexity of reasons, not least a healthy fear of the IRA, a great deal has to do with the Regiment's own record of involvement in sectarian crimes.

While much public opprobrium both in Northern Ireland and abroad has centred on the record of the Royal Ulster Constabulary, many Catholics would admit, perhaps grudgingly, that the Northern Irish police force has made considerable efforts to put its house in order and win the confidence of the Catholic community. Fear and suspicion of the UDR, on the other hand runs right through every level of the Catholic establishment. Recently a Roman Catholic bishop told me that while he kept telling himself that most of its members were decent men doing their duty, he still could not prevent a frisson of fear whenever he was stopped by a UDR patrol that his body might be found in a ditch the next day.

Most Catholics would agree that the fear is almost certainly irrational – although they share it themselves. While most of those serving in the UDR are motivated by a simple desire to stamp out terrorism and restore peace to the community, that is not how the Regiment is perceived by the Catholic minority. For better or worse the British Government is now regarded as having quite deliberately trained 21,000 people, almost all Protestants, in the use of sophisticated weapons. That fact and, as important, the fear of what it could mean in an atmosphere of sectarian conflict, must now constitute one of the major obstacles to British withdrawal from Northern Ireland.

NEW STATESMAN INDEX

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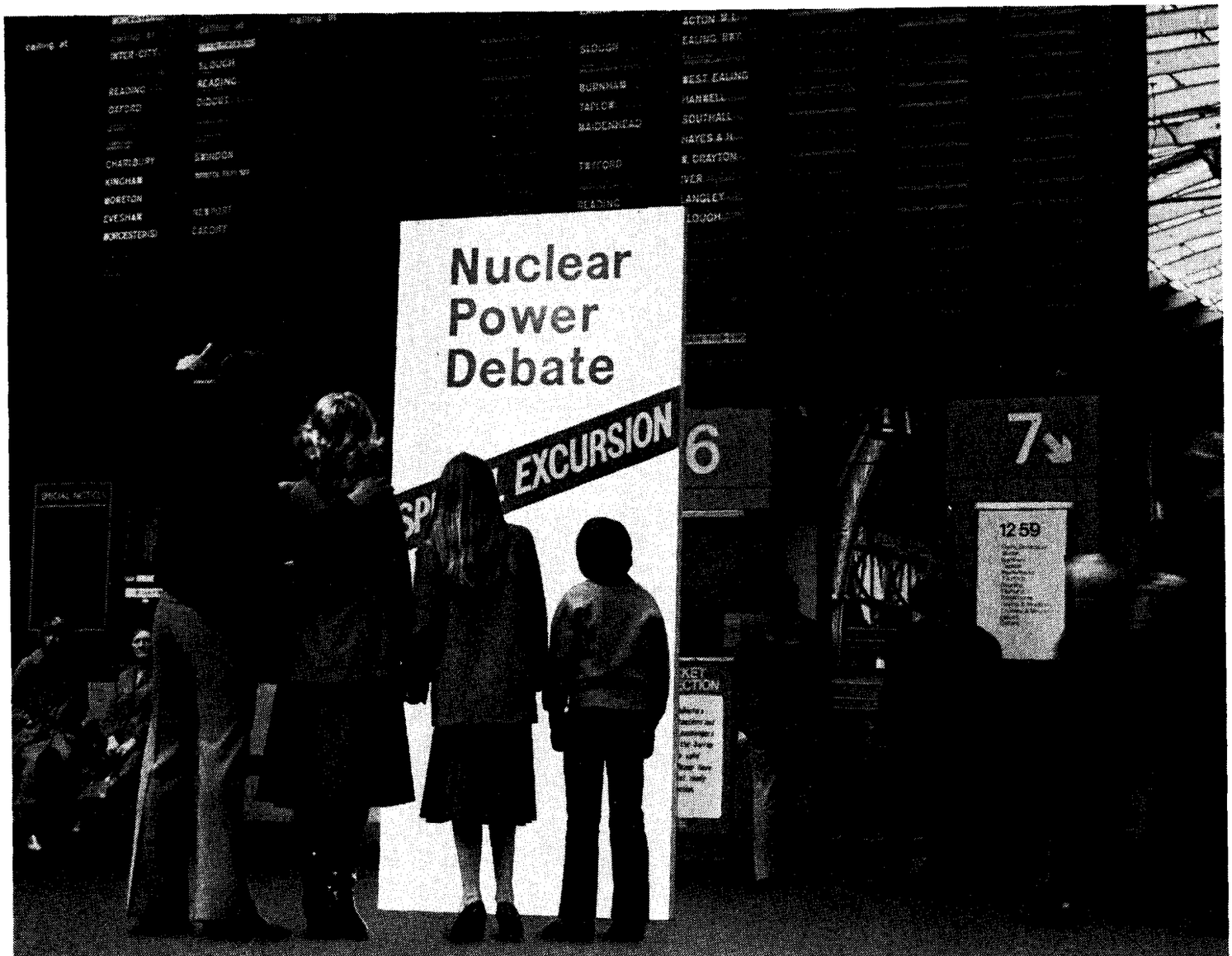

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A plague upon this village

LAST MONTH, the National Union of Agricultural and Allied Workers called on Agriculture Minister Peter Walker to ban the weedkiller 245-T, with its lethal bi-product dioxin. Very recent research has shown that dioxin attacks the basic stuff of life itself, the DNA molecule: it 'unzips' it, as can some other substances; but unlike others, it prevents it from zipping together again. US research, especially by Dr Irvin Selikoff of the Environmental Science Laboratory in New York, has found that dioxin causes skin diseases, particularly chloracne, miscarriages, genetic malfunction, birth deformities and (at very low doses) cancer.

The NUAAW presented Mr Walker with a dossier, *Not One Minute Longer*, which details the damage done to people exposed to dioxin – notably in Seveso, Northern Italy, in Oregon, USA, at the Coalite factory in Derbyshire, and to veterans of the Vietnam war who ran into Agent Orange. In north Wales, the Adgar family walked into a cloud of it while on a picnic. Over the next few months, Peter Adgar developed breast cancer, the son Adrian came out in boils and then developed the bone disease osteomyelitis, and Lyn, who had conceived a second child that week, gave birth to a son with a hole in the heart and deformities of the leg bones and sex organs.

In spite of all this evidence, Peter Walker has refused to ban 245-T. The UK Pesticides Advisory Committee remains unconvinced of its dangers. Twelve products which contain it are sold over the counter to anyone who cares to buy, and it is used extensively by British Rail and the Forestry Commission. The extent of its damage is hard to measure, horrifying to contemplate. Below, JUDITH COOK reports from a Somerset village where the surrounding forests have been sprayed regularly with 245-T.

THE TINY VILLAGE OF OVER STOWEY has lain at a minor crossroads in the Quantock hills, almost unchanged, for hundreds of years. Apart from the village itself, a handful of outlying cottages and farms straggle into narrow valleys. A few hundred people make up the population. Some work for the Forestry Commission, whose conifers surround the village.

Richard Chidgey had worked for the Commission for some years and he frequently used 245-T. 'It smells foul from miles away', he says. He sprayed from a knapsack pack on his back, using a plastic tube with a nozzle and pumping the stuff out. Only after pressure did he get a plastic suit and only after some argument, a face mask. 'You're not supposed to spray it in a high wind but the Commission decided what a high wind was and we often used it in very windy conditions when it would blow right back on you.' His clothing was, inevitably, washed by his wife.

In 1976, 19-year old Liz Chidgey became pregnant. She was not well, suffered from headaches, and early in 1977 she miscarried. She was very disappointed and they tried again. She immediately conceived; Richard, meanwhile, continued working on the spraying. Her pregnancy was uneventful this time except for one symptom: 'I had a constant headache for nine months. I didn't know what to expect, it being a first baby, though none of my friends seemed to suffer in this way.'

At 6.30 pm on Christmas Eve, Paula was born. 'I knew something was terribly wrong because there was an awful silence. The nurses looked unhappy. Finally one asked me if we'd had trouble with cleft palates in the family. I said no and she blurted out the baby had a bit of a hare lip and something wrong with her palate.'

That was an understatement. A colour photo taken the day after she was born shows half a nose twisted sideways in her face, its single nostril at right angles to where it ought to have been. Underneath it, and down to the lower jaw, was just an enormous hole. 'I screamed when I saw her', said Liz, 'and told them to take her away, I didn't want her. It was four days before I could bring myself even to hold her.' However she finally accepted the baby and at 3 months had to take her in for major surgery. There were complications and for a fortnight almost everybody gave up hope of Paula's survival. She has since undergone several further operations and the surgeons at Bristol's Frenchay Hospital have performed a small miracle. A slightly flattened nose is in its natural position over a neat upper lip. Only a hairline scar remains to show where the terrible hole was. But Paula will be having operations until she is 12. Her teeth, too, are coming through all over the place and her speech is badly affected.

Shortly afterwards, Richard read of the possible effects of dioxin and tackled the Forestry Commission. His immediate boss told him it was 'perfectly safe' and that perhaps smoking or something had caused the birth defect. From then on he refused to spray and in September 1979 left the Commission's employment. 'Working for them caused too many arguments and the pay was awful – £43.50 before deductions.' Liz had a second child a year after Paula, and he seems all right but Liz worries, she says, 'in case something has really gone wrong with Richard'.

Eileen Chapman's husband was also spraying for the Forestry Commission when she became pregnant in 1970. A nurse with one child, she knew there was something wrong with the pregnancy. 'I have never felt so ill. I was sick and had a continual headache.' Her hair fell out and she was told it was probably through worry. At four and a half months she miscarried. 'The baby had formed but I was told it didn't seem right and it was nature's way of getting rid of it.' She has since had a healthy child but from 1970 has suffered a painful and itchy skin rash on her face and neck. 'The specialist tells me it's an allergy and I have to use cortisone cream.' She and her husband bought their cottage from the Forestry Commission, deep in the woods, but he no longer works for them.

Her immediate neighbour, Wendy Cobbledick, still lives in a Commission house and her husband still works for them. She had just conceived her first child, in 1973, when she went to see her husband at work. He was spraying 245T. As she bent to pick some flowers he said: 'For God's sake don't touch those, they've just been sprayed.' There was a nasty smell in the air and on the clothes she had to wash. A sickly pregnancy was followed by a miscarriage at four months. She has since had two other children and her husband, Paul, has refused to handle sprays ever since. As a Safety Officer for the Commission he is currently trying to persuade them to try alternatives in the Quantocks and says they have not, in fact, used 245-T recently.

James is 26 and has worked for the Commission since he was sixteen. He used 245-T for five years and has just discovered he is sterile. Nobody knows the cause.

There are numerous cases of animals suffering too. Farmer Geoffrey Hellier saw a cloud

Chris Davies

Not an ideal place for future parents

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of chemical waft over his flock of sheep from where Forestry Commission workers were spraying. His farm is near Over Stowey. Nineteen ewes aborted, 29 died, as did 59 lambs and a ram. Some lambs were born without mouths and ears.

CONTAMINATION CAN COME from many sources. Until very recently the water supply for Over Stowey came from streams which ran through the forests. One such stream in the Cockercombe valley, where Eileen Chapman and Wendy Cobbledick live, was known to be contaminated (and even was admitted to be so, unofficially, by the Commission) but nobody knows by what. Five years ago, boys fishing below the Commission's storage sheds by the stream allege they saw some substance leaking into the water and that all the fish were dead. But all water running down into Over Stowey's old water supply could easily be contaminated from sprayed undergrowth and one of the local GPs, David Matthews, speaks of surgeries full of patients with a gastric disorder, 'Stowey Tummy', each time there was heavy rain.

All these complaints came to the NUAAW's overworked organiser in Somerset, Barry Leathwood, and these are the people willing to talk. There are others who are not. Hardly surprisingly, many men still working for the Forestry Commission in the Quantocks are frightened of losing their jobs. The Commission will not talk to the Press and have made it very clear to their employees what will happen if they do so. Others, like farmers who have suffered loss of sheep, will not be quoted because of what has happened to Hellier. Publicity given to what happened to his sheep has resulted in his being unable to sell any stock from his farm because of fears of a health risk. A tenant farmer, he now faces eviction, has no money and is driving a lorry to feed his family. There are several cases of cancer, too, in Over Stowey but it would be more difficult to pinpoint any cause for these.

Dr David Matthews feels that 245-T should be banned pending a truly thorough general investigation. The evidence of what has happened in Over Stowey is, he stresses, 'anecdotal and circumstantial' but he also feels it is sufficient to warrant an investigation into what has happened in the area. He cannot discuss individual cases without breaking medical confidences but he feels that an examination of the Registrar's records would be useful in indicating whether there is any increase in the wide variety of medical problems which may be caused by contact with 245-T. All the named people are patients of his.

If all that has happened to the inhabitants of Over Stowey is purely coincidental then they seem to have been remarkably singled out for affliction, compared with most villages of similar size. The least that can be done is to hold the investigation Dr Matthews wants, as there is strong local feeling that these particular cases are only the tip of an iceberg.

If 245-T were banned pending investigation, there are alternatives which could be used. The NUAAW quotes Donald Robson, Chief Forester of Kershop Forest in Cumbria, who refuses to use 245-T. He says: 'I can only speak for Kershope but I wouldn't have it on the place. You cannot guarantee the effects of these long term weedkillers and we just don't try them out. We used a proven safe weedkiller, for it doesn't pay to put people's lives at risk. We protect all our workers with clothing, masks and gloves even for proven varieties.' His workers use what is described as a pre-emergent such as Prefix or Kerb, which is used in granular form so that the operator can see where it goes. Still other forestry workers would be happy to go back to mechanical or handweeding again as, says, Paul Cobbledick, it is only needed for the first three years of a plantation's life.

Dioxin is not always present in 245-T. Whether or not the weedkiller can produce similar effects when dioxin is absent is not yet known, but one thing is sure: dioxin could be removed from all 245-T before it left the factory. This was freely admitted by one of its manufacturers, Hoffman la Roche, to Christopher Riley who wrote and researched the recent BBC *Horizon* programme on the subject. But, they say, it would cut down their profit margin and, while their competitors won't take action, neither will they.

The Pesticides Advisory Committee still point to chloracne as the only known effect of contamination by 245-T and their latest information states that most or all dioxin 'disappears within 24 hours of being sprayed as a result of being broken down by light'. Three years after the poison gas accident at a chemical factory in Seveso, dioxin remains in the soil.

Easter brings holiday makers flocking to Over Stowey

Chris Davies

Tariq Ali

High time for Zia to depart

PAKISTAN'S MILITARY REGIME was never regarded as a stable political enterprise in any major capital, with the possible exception of Peking. The Chinese leaders have, over the past two decades, amply demonstrated their fondness for Pakistan's uniformed Presidents, but even they must now be developing serious doubts about Zia's viability. Developments in Pakistan over the last month indicate that the dictator's isolation is virtually complete. The General is more unpopular than he was at the time of Bhutto's execution a year ago. Undoubtedly aware of this fact, he recently told Pakistani journalists:

> I am not a know-all. There are many Pakistanis who are abler than I, who are more capable than I, more competent than I. They must come at the right time to take off from where I leave. But I must leave at the proper place and not just run away.

The fact of the matter is that the overwhelming majority of the country believes that there is no time like the present for the General to depart. Zia's refusal to share power gradually isolated him from the right-wing political parties. Many of these have lost all credibility for having collaborated with the military in the first place. In reality they were cynically utilised by the Generals who felt the need for a modicum of civilian support in the period leading up to Bhutto's execution. Their services were dispensed with soon afterwards. Today even the neo-fascist Jamaat-i-Islami has withdrawn its support and called for a civilian government.

John Minnion

The new crisis is clearly a result of the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. Zia was confronted with a real dilemma. The fact that hatred for his regime is almost universal inside Pakistan meant that he could not utilise the Soviet intervention to win mass support. The response of the Pakistani people to Afghanistan has been extremely muted. Many of Zia's opponents cherish the hope that the Red Army might solve their problems with a quick thrust onward to Islamabad. In private they will even say so. Immediately after the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, the Pentagon and the US wanted to transform Pakistan into a US military base. This display of indecent haste

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further limited Zia's options. A regime as unpopular and unrepresentative as his could not afford a decision which might further inflame public opinion. So the US plan was rejected on the grounds that the £175 million being offered was 'peanuts'. At the same time Pakistani civil servants made it known to the United States that most of the aid should, in any event, be routed through China, which was still regarded as the country's 'oldest ally'. The State Department was displeased and talk of replacing Zia began to be heard in the corridors. Aware of what was taking place, the desperate dictator threw out some feelers to the Soviet Union. He offered to allow mutually agreed inspection teams to be stationed on the Pak-Afghan border and stressed Pakistan's commitment to 'non-alignment'. The Cuban Foreign Minister recently visited Pakistan to assess the situation, but Moscow itself has yet to respond to the overtures.

Between 14 and 17 March there was a half-baked attempt at a *coup* designed to topple Zia. It failed and a Chinese military delegation in the country led by Xiao Ke, Vice-Minister of Defence, pledged in public support 'as ever' the struggle of Pakistan 'and its armed forces' to safeguard the country. Zia dismissed two of his senior military colleagues and appointed six new Lieutenant-Generals. The two dismissed men, Generals Faiz Ali Chishti and Ghulam Hassan, were relieved of their military commands and dismissed from the Federal Cabinet. General Chishti had been the mastermind behind the *coup* which toppled Bhutto in July 1977. An extremely aggressive and self-confident officer, he had clearly chafed at the succession of mistakes made by Zia. General Ghulam Hassan, a Pathan General, was the Co-ordinator of the Intelligence Services and the third most powerful General in the country.

Some weeks prior to his removal, Chishti had visited North America and Britain. While in London he had been unusually frank in informal discussions with Pakistanis resident in London. He stated that Zia was a disaster for the country; that his incessant lies were an 'embarrassment to the military; that the army was in a demoralised state and 'I've reached the end of my patience'. Whether Chishti was being groomed to take-over from Zia by the US State Department is an open question, but American journalists had evinced a remarkable interest in his movements since last December. Chishti remained confident even after his removal. A friend who rang him from London and asked what he intended to do was told: 'I'm at least the elected President of the Rawalpindi Golf Club!'

The break-up of the unity of the top echelons of the army is the strongest manifestation yet of the crisis afflicting Pakistan. Zia is seen as a liability by the United States. But who can replace him? Another *coup* would not necessarily improve matters, though it might provide a bridge to the leadership of Bhutto's People's Party, which would win a majority in any election. But an election could prove to be an expensive gamble. It would unleash a set of mass mobilisations and in Baluchistan it would return a nationalist government.

AMERICA

The system does not work

Carter and Reagan are the likely contenders for this year's race, but neither is the people's choice. GODFREY HODGSON, author of a forthcoming book on the Presidency, examines American democracy.

'THE SYSTEM works,' the *New York Times* was 'pleased and a little surprised to note', a few days after the Illinois primary seemed to confirm that the presidential election will offer American voters the choice between a half-crippled Democratic incumbent and a 69 year-old Republican challenger who, only a few years ago, would have seemed too right-wing to have any possible hope of winning the nomination, let alone the presidency.

It would be nice to share the *New York Times*'s optimism. I want to see the American political system work. Indeed, no one but a suicidal maniac would want the system in the world's most powerful democracy not to work. Unfortunately the evidence at the moment seems to me to point to a less reassuring conclusion: that the American system is not working well enough.

On two recent trips to the United States I found that an impressive consensus of professional politicians, pollsters, businessmen, academics and journalists agrees with this conclusion. Indeed, Jimmy Carter and Ronald Reagan agree with it too, to judge from the President's speeches about national crisis and 'malaise', and from the whole tenor of Reagan's campaign.

Specifically, I found the great majority of the thoughtful and well-informed Americans I talked to agree on three points. First, the primary system is not working well enough. Second, the presidency is not working well enough. And third, as a result, the United States lacks the leadership to tackle a whole host of problems. The most menacing of these is the gap between the still soaring expectations of the American people, and the diminished reality of a country plagued with much the same frustrating, mundane problems as every other industrialised democracy.

The *New York Times* itself, in the same editorial I quoted earlier, pointed to the most obvious failure of the primary system this year, though it did so in a cack-handed sort of way. 'For all the talk about ordeal,' it said, 'it has taken only 9 primaries, not 37, to achieve clarity.' Well, yes. But that is another way of saying that, with New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania and California and something near three-quarters of the electorate still to be heard from, the fix was already in.

Edward Kennedy's victories in New York and Connecticut will keep his candidacy alive: they were predictable, however, and do not seem likely to turn the tide.

It is now to all intents and purposes impossible for any other candidate to dispossess Carter as the Democratic candidate, or Reagan as the Republican candidate. Yet there is a stifling sense that neither man is truly the people's choice. Carter, a great many people feel, is only going to get the nomination because people reject Kennedy, and because Kennedy's superstar qualities prevented other Democratic candidates (except the mercurial and unconvincing Jerry Brown) from testing the waters until now it is too late. Reagan, a great many people feel, is going to be the candidate because conservative money bags put him so far out in front so early that no one else had a chance of catching up.

Something of this sense of frustration explains the flurry of support for John Anderson, an attractive and intelligent Republican liberal whose appeal for the Boston and New York intelligentsia early convinced me he had little or no chance of being nominated as the Republican candidate. I personally find it hard to understand how anyone could embrace Republican philosophy except from self-interest, and so I claim no profound insight into the Republican mind. But one thing I do understand: no true Republican wants to have to vote for a man who appeals to the sort of people who voted for Eugene McCarthy in 1968 and George McGovern in 1972. It is a sign of the times that Amitai Etzioni, Carter's tame White House pollster, is going around saying publicly that what the American people want is a choice between an extreme conservative (Reagan) and a moderate conservative (Carter). The description fits well enough. But that was hardly what Carter presented himself as four years ago.

To understand what has gone wrong with the nominating process you have to appreciate that in reality the primary system is quite new. Primaries, of course, were among the innovations of the progressive era before the first world war. But until John Kennedy's primary campaigning caught the media's attention in 1960, primaries were slowly dying out. There were 18 primaries in that year. Kennedy campaigned in seven of them, and it was his performance in only two, Wisconsin and West Virginia, that made him the candidate. In 1968 there were still only 17 primaries; in 1972, 23; in 1976, 30; and this year there will be 37. In 1960, only about 40 per cent of the delegates to the convention were chosen in primaries. This year, the proportion will be well over 80 per cent.

The chief reason for this growth in the number of primaries was undoubtedly a genuine belief that they constituted a more 'democratic' way of choosing the candidate than the alternative system: one variant or another of the State caucus system, which tended to be dominated or at least decisively manipulated by professional politicians. In theory, it made a lot of sense for the candidate to be chosen directly by 'the people'. In practice, it hasn't worked out quite like that.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED is that the growth of primaries has accelerated the decline of parties both as organisations and as groups committed to more or less recognisable clusters of principle and policy. Instead, the primaries are what is politely called 'candidate oriented.' That means they are little more than opportunities for bands of *condottieri* to raid the rich prizes of Washington. Principle has little to do with it. Policy has less. The media have enabled presidential candidates to speak over the parties' heads to the voters.

'Media' has two separate meanings in this

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context. There are paid media: television, radio and billboard advertising, paid for by the candidates. And then there is the media attention they can attract either by impressing their physical images on the nightly news, or by impressing their personalities on a handful of opinion-formers: powerful tipsters, handicappers and commentators like David Broder of *Washington Star*, Hugh Sidey of *Time*, or Hedrick Smith of the *New York Times*.

To get your personality and your message across in the first kind of media, the paid kind, you need money, and plenty of it. But money is not enough. Poor John Connally, for all his silver good looks, his long career and his powerful conservative friends, spent more than nine million dollars for one solitary delegate. You must also win the acclaim of the other, unpaid kind of media. It was *Time* magazine's laudatory profile of Jimmy Carter that first pulled him up out of a motley field of southern governors and hopeful senators. More specifically, what counts in the early primaries is not how many votes you win, or even how many delegates you line up (though that will become important in the end, if you survive to the end). What counts is how well the pundits say you have done by *comparison with what they themselves predicted*! This is absurd. But a glance at the experience of Gene McCarthy in 1968 or McGovern in 1972 or Jimmy Carter in 1976 (who all gained from doing 'surprisingly well') or at that of Lyndon Johnson in 1968 or Ed Muskie in 1972 (both of whom were adjudged to have 'lost' primaries they won) shows that it is true.

A CANDIDATE MUST SPEND money copiously on advertising and on his campaign. He must impress his image on the country by way of the media. But there is a third element of the media that is even more decisive: the polls. It is the polls who select the candidates who have a chance in the primaries. Then who selects which candidates will be named in the early polls, and which will do well in the later ones? The pollsters, by applying their professional judgement (and their regional, ideological and class bias, of course) to the media. In other words, by reading the *New York Times* and watching CBS news. No wonder James David Barber, a highly regarded student of the Presidency, has written in a new book that

> no longer do the Democratic and Republican parties control the choice of standard-bearers. In their place a new set of kingmakers has arisen: the journalists. For it is in the newspapers, the magazines and on television screens that the presidential candidates are created and destroyed.

Those – like the Nixon loyalists – who believe that the US media are overrun by a hunting-pack of radical liberals might reflect that the end result of a process that has given the media unprecedented influence over the nominating process is . . . a radical conservative against a moderate conservative.

The odds are, of course, that if that is indeed the choice presented to the voters by the primary process, then Jimmy Carter will win. Only a fifth of the voters are registered Republicans. If it were true, as some pundits believe, that the country is in the grip of a conservative tidal wave, then enough conservative Democrats and independents might abandon Carter to put Reagan into the White House. But the present mood is more complicated than that. It is more 'privatist' than conservative. It has more to do with mistrust of all politicians, including Ronald Reagan, than with faith in conservative dogma. Very well: but if Carter is first renominated and then reelected, surely that must be construed as a sign that the presidency as an institution cannot be working too badly?

It will unfortunately be a sign of nothing of the kind. If Carter is reelected, it will be because his prestige and thus his bare capacity to keep his political chin above water have been rescued by a whole series of events or pseudo-events in foreign affairs over which he had little or no control, and of which the best that can be said even by his own men is that at least he has shown restraint. We can certainly be grateful for that. But the fact is that a modern President cannot govern in Washington by virtue of his legitimate authority alone. He must daily stake his prestige and his political assets in the constant struggle to recreate a fresh coalition behind every programme, every smidgeon of legislation that he wants.

In the absence of even the most rudimentary party organisation or loyalty, his success in his practical dealings with Congress and other power centres will depend greatly on the perception of his success in the political community, or rather the political market-place. And the most important test of that perception will be his standing in the opinion polls.

THE COLD FACT is that Jimmy Carter's standing in the opinion polls has bumped along just off the basement floor except for three periods: the usual 'honeymoon' after he first took office; a period of a few months after his successful brokering of the (unsuccessful) agreement between Anwar Sadat and Menachem Begin at Camp David in September 1978; and the three months after the taking of American hostages in Teheran in November 1979, with a booster effect from the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan at Christmas time. Already his popularity is falling back again towards the dismal level where it has stood throughout the rest of his term.

Presidential popularity has always risen when the President is seen to be standing up for America in the face of insolent or menacing foreigners. What is new in the present situation is that never before (since Franklin Roosevelt's time) have these foreign policy spectaculars diverted attention from such serious domestic problems.

When Jimmy Carter was elected, it seemed that the great tests of his presidency would be his ability to do something about health care, and the rest of the interrupted agenda of social reform set aside during the Nixon years. Those issues are still on the agenda. But before they can even be reached the United States will have to deal with even more urgent problems, and only the presidency can take the lead in tackling them. Carter has made no impact on the energy crisis, perhaps the most serious aspect of which has been that Americans simply cannot bring themselves to understand that they will not be able ever again to consume half the world's supplies of energy at half the world price. He has made no impact on inflation, now running at the same rate as in Britain. He has so far made little real impact on either the budget deficit or the balance of payments deficit. He has not been able to do anything about the fact that the US economy and the hope of a 'new frontier' of technological growth are running at record low levels.

In short, the American economy is beginning to look sadly like the British economy, or a British economy plus food surpluses, a few thriving high technology industries like aircraft and computers, and immense wealth carried over from the great bonanza of the 1940s, 1950s and 1960s.

That is not what Americans were led to expect in the last two decades of what was to have been their century. Some time ago Daniel Bell wrote a perceptive essay on the 'end of American exceptionalism'. The reference was to an esoteric argument within the old, largely vanished American Marxist Left. Would the decline of capitalism follow the orthodox scenario in the United States as elsewhere, as some of the Old Left believed? Or was the United States 'exceptional'?

THE WHOLE AMERICAN IDEOLOGY – as many American writers like David Potter as well as European observers from Weber on have pointed out – was built on the assumption of exceptional abundance. Exceptional

Ronald Reagan on the campaign trail

Camera Press

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resources of land and raw materials; exceptional supplies of exceptionally cheap energy; exceptionally high wages (historically about twice those prevailing in Western Europe, the only large area of comparable prosperity): all these exceptions are now coming to an end. Yet the political philosophy created by the era of American exceptionalism remains.

Until the Presidency can be reformed, the gap between expectation and reality can only grow wider. To reform it, many steps will be necessary. The executive branch will have to be reconnected, somehow, to Congress. The President will have to be restored to effective authority over his own bureaucracy. Parties will have to be revived, and given some identifiable spine of principle. But certainly none of these things can happen as long as the nominating process – the crucial stage – remains a desultory popularity contest between non-ideological factions. The system works, all right, but at the moment it works in about the same sense as the operation was successful when the patient died.

CHINA

Learning to love Liu again

The number-one enemy of the Cultural Revolution has been returned to favour. JONATHAN MIRSKY reports.

LIU SHAOQI, the author of *How To Be a Good Communist* (HTBAGC), now hailed in China as a man of 'boundless rectitude and awe-inspiring righteousness', was tortured and died in prison, probably at the order of Mao Zedong, and certainly with his approval. Not only was 'China's Krushchev and Leading Capitalist Roader' eliminated, but his sons and mother-in-law were killed, his wife was sentenced to death, and his daughters were hounded, beaten, and imprisoned.

With the stroke of a Central Committee communique last month all 'false labels' have been unfixed from Liu Shaoqi who had been, after all, Mao's successor as Party Chairman, destined to take full charge when the Great Helmsman 'went to see Marx'. Part of Liu's reinstatement was the restoration of his Party membership. In 1963 he had been certified as a Bad Communist.

In fact, despite Liu's rehabilitation, the problem of 'labels' remains. Inside China, free play is still made with 'bad elements', 'anarchist', 'liberal', 'counter-revolutionary', and 'rats who nibble people's ears' (liberals). Being A Good Communist in China is not easy. At a critical moment in his life Vice-Premier Deng confessed: 'that not only have I not raised high the banner of Mao Zedong Thought, but I have not even lifted the banner up . . . I have a very inadequate grasp of Mao Zedong Thought and do little to propagate it.' Admittedly, this confession came at a bad time for Deng. It was October 1966, and he was beginning his long slide into disgrace with Liu Shaoqi – whose ultimate fate he was lucky to avoid – from which he would finally emerge after a decade.

Deng Xiaoping was not only desperate in 1966; he mis-described himself. He has been a Maoist all his life, a political commissar during the Long March, and a devoted Party member. Now he has directed the republication of *How To Be a Good Communist*. (Before the book became a Poisonous Weed in 1968 its editions exceeded 20 million.)

WHY IS LIU SHAOQI's work receiving star treatment, together with a mountain of new Party, Army, and Provincial directives on Party discipline? HTBAGC saw the light of day at Yanan, the Communist war-time stronghold. It was the best and worst of times. Best because it was (and remains) the hallowed period of revolutionary purity, energy, and hope following the Long March of 1935-36, when the Party secured the loyalty of millions of peasants and developed its programme over a wide area. Worst, because the area was one of the dreariest in China, opium-sodden, girl-selling, and starving – so poor, Zhou Enlai told Edgar Snow, that peasants existed who owned no chopsticks. Besides these traditional catastrophes the Party survived Jiang Kaishek's blockade and a Japanese military strategy succinctly described by its innovators as 'kill all, burn all, loot all'.

Beset in such measure, the Party required unswerving cadres. Liu Shaoqi, occupied in underground urban organising, was summoned to Yanan and, on 8 July 1939, delivered to the Institute of Marxism-Leninism a speech on 'the self-cultivation of Party Spirit', later known as HTBAGC. The then-editor of *Liberation Magazine*, Wu Liping, recently recalled the talk's impact. The audience, he says, loved it, and Mao himself commented to Wu: 'Comrade Shaoqi's article advocates healthy tendencies and opposes unhealthy ones . . . It should be published at once.'

Wu duly put the speech out in three instalments and in the 1941-42 Rectification, a campaign in which cadres and intellectuals were told exactly what was expected of them, HTBAGC was one of the twenty-two required texts. The Rectification Campaign formed the basis of every subsequent drive against troublesome writers, including those recently associated with the Democracy Movement.

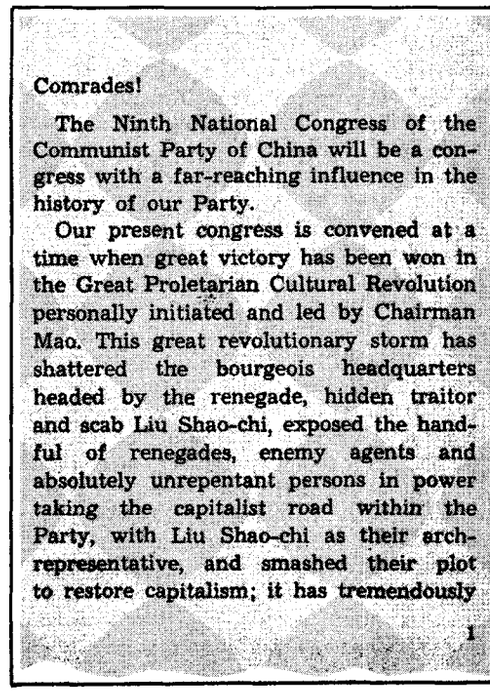
In 1962, after Liu became Party Chairman, his work on self-cultivation was widely read and its author was well on his way as Mao's ideological successor. But in 1966 Liu Shaoqi was demoted and by 1968 his writings, now Poisonous Weeds, came under attack, Wu Liping says, as evidence 'of capitulation that would lead the Party and the country to perish'.

WITH LIU's total rehabilitation in March of this year, HTBAGC is once again required reading for all Party members. Although Jiang Kaishek's armies lie over the water in Taiwan, and Japan's are concentrated at home in the Self-Defence Forces, the Party's situation is as filled with menace as in 1942.

It is now responsible not for a limited enclave but for a nation of one billion. Here at once a staggering problem faces the leadership. If Chinese women continue to breed at even a modest rate, within a century China will encompass a population equal to that of the earth's today. How to feed, clothe, and equip this mass is a mind-blasting puzzle. Despite high hopes after the Gang's fall in 1976, grandiose capital investment schemes have been shelved or ditched. China's industrial workers will have to increase production with a base so creaky that the country's fighter aircraft are still cobbled together from Russian designs nearly thirty years old.

Coca Cola and Hilton Hotels receive plenty of publicity in the West as emblems of 'normalcy', but the fact is that while earnestly pursuing the Four Modernisations of Agriculture, Industry, Science and Defence, China is still a poor country. So poor that, despite decades of government effort, 30 per cent of the peasants are illiterate. Most Chinese get no further than primary school, and fewer students attend university than they do in California.

Youth disaffection, therefore, is considerable. Unlike Britain there is little middle-



Comrades!

The Ninth National Congress of the Communist Party of China will be a congress with a far-reaching influence in the history of our Party.

Our present congress is convened at a time when great victory has been won in the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution personally initiated and led by Chairman Mao. This great revolutionary storm has shattered the bourgeois headquarters headed by the renegade, hidden traitor and scab Liu Shao-chi, exposed the handful of renegades, enemy agents and absolutely unrepentant persons in power taking the capitalist road within the Party, with Liu Shao-chi as their arch-representative, and smashed their plot to restore capitalism; it has tremendously

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Left: page 1 from Lin Biao's 'Report to the Ninth National Congress of the Communist Party of China', delivered 1 April 1969; below: *extract from the political column of Boijing Review*, 24 March 1980.

THE investigation by the Central Commission for Inspecting Discipline and the voluminous historical evidence provided by some veteran revolutionaries have disproved the charges of "renegade, traitor and scab" imposed on Comrade Liu Shaoqi. The recent Fifth Plenary Session of the 11th Party Central Committee decided to redress the frame-up and rehabilitate Comrade Liu Shaoqi's reputation.

Born in 1898 in Ningxiang

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Liu Shaoqi, certified a 'Bad Communist' during the Cultural Revolution, and now officially rehabilitated. His How To Be a Good Communist is once again required Party reading.

ground in China for students who fail to reach the top of the educational tree. Factories and fields sop up many, but not all,of these failures – and failure continues to be measured in eductional terms as stringent as in Confucian time. Experts, despised under the Gang, have been recalled to greatness.

Unemployed and underemployed urban youths, fed-up with hanging about at home, carrying bags at stations, or fixing bicycles, make trouble in the cities. In their riots and crime they are joined by some of the older young people, products of the Cultural Revolution's universities, for which they were selected as politically strong if academically weak, and who are now judged to be at least unqualified if not Gang-sters. Their resentment is understandable: they were the Good Communists and citizens of their not-so-distant day and now they are social and political pariahs..

But perhaps the greatest danger perceived by the Party today is 19 million of its own members. These constitute half the total membership admitted during the Cultural Revolution. In the words of a recent *Peking Daily* commentary on Party discipline:

> We should on no account underestimate the seriousness . . . of Lin Biao and the gang of four in sabotaging the Party's fine tradition and style of work . . . in particular, we admitted a great number of people into the Party during the great cultural revolution [the words are no longer capitalised]. They have not been strictly trained . . . It is a serious problem to educate them in the Party's style of work.

AS FOR PARTY LIFE itself, to what practices stretching back to 1958 (the date used in more pessimistic documents) do the Liu Shaoqi writings and the current addenda address themselves?

Totalitarianism, for one. Although Mao still escapes direct reference, so many of his personally advocated policies have been unravelled or junked, so many of his personally purged adversaries have been rehabilitated (a lot of these posthumously) that his personal style of rule, together with Lin Biao's before his fall, and the Gang's before theirs, comes in for particular scrutiny.

Issue Number One of the Peking *Party Branch Life* (March) says; 'It is essential to guard against motives like personal hatred and grudges, revenge . . . launching nefarious attacks, hurting comrades, and undermining unity.' Liu Shaoqi, years earlier, took the measure of such people, and it must have irritated Mao. Certain people. Liu said, 'regarded themselves as "China's Marx", or "China's Lenin", and had the impudence to demand that our Party members revere them as Marx and Lenin are revered'.

Favoritism and nepotism also attract the Party's gaze. The Gang of Four were selected for high office by Mao (just as he overturned his enemies); his wife wielded great power (it was later said they separated in 1973) and his nieces and nephews 'helicoptered' to the top. It was widely known, moreover, that ranking cadres used 'the back-door' for favours of many kinds. On this problem, ancient as Chinese bureaucracy itself, Liu Shaoqi spoke plainly: 'Personal gain', 'interest', 'losses', 'jobbery', and 'privilege' were proscribed. The *Party Branch Life* is similarly explicit: 'Parents should not use their special powers, acquaintances, relatives, and friends to provide them with back doors or seek special provision.'

Party members are urged to work hard and lead a simple life. An 'unhealthy trend' away from this has emerged, according to the Peking regulations. Anyone who has stayed, even recently, in one of the many luxurious 'rest-houses' for high officials, with their groomed lawns, armed guards, and fabulous food (I stayed in one where the chef had cooked for Nixon) knows what the Party is up against.

The Army's *Liberation Army Daily* commented this month that 'Modernisation is an entirely new cause. It has never before been undertaken in the history of our country and our army.' A great task. But the Party is short of experts. A *Peking Daily* editorial states that many of the Party's newer intake 'cannot become models for the masses':

> We cannot even say there are no problems among the veteran Party members. Some of them who were reasonably qualified are not so qualified now.

The days are over, it seems, when a Mao Zedong could stand before a large audience and admit he knew little about economics or languages, but 'learned a thing or two in the university of the greenwoods'.

Now, the Central Committee sets out in its *Guiding Principles for Inner-Party Life*: 'A Communist must be a vanguard fighter for the Four Modernisations and must strive to become both Red and Expert.' 'Red' means what it sounds like. 'Expert', a much woolier concept, and anathema during the Cultural Revolution, is now defined as 'Learning and mastering a *professional* [my emphasis] understanding of modernisation . . . if a Communist rests content with being a layman, then his so-called "political consciousness" and "advanced feature" become nothing but empty talk'.

'People who act like this', the directive briskly goes on, 'should be removed from their leading posts if they cannot correct themselves'. In the age of microchips, lasers and banking wizardry such injunctions would blow a chill up Whitehall's Etonians. The effect on the ageing first-generation literates of the Chinese Communist Party must be shattering.

Deng Xiaoping, despite his 1966 confession, is a worthy Maoist. Like the late Chairman he puts China's wellbeing first and, like the Chairman, although he probably believes in the objective forces of history, he believes yet more in the primacy of human Will, that Will which brought the Party through the Long March, the war against Japan, the Civil War, the rigors of post-1949 administration and, not least, the Cultural Revolution, in which, *The Guiding Principles* reminds its readers, the Party 'suffered feudal fascism, anarchism, and factionalism'. Deng lost his position then, and Liu Shaoqi his life. Charges

The Granada Guildhall Lectures 1980

The subject of this year's Granada Lectures to be given at the City of London Guildhall is:

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the degree to which performance measures up to expectations;
and the means by which any gap which is considered to exist might effectively be bridged.

Wednesday 7 May – **Rt Hon James Prior,** MP
Secretary of State for Employment

Thursday 15 May – **Rt Hon Tony Benn,** MP

Wednesday 28 May – **Rt Hon Lionel Murray** OBE
General Secretary of the Trades Union Congress

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may be forthcoming that Mao's next targets were to be Premier Zhou Enlai and Marshal Zhu De. The period, as Senior Vice-Premier Ye Jianying said on National Day, 1979, was 'an appalling catastrophe', 'a bloodbath'.

The Party is warning its members: the emergency is great. Party secrets must be guarded, counter-revolutionaries lurk everywhere, and the Gang's followers abound. Many, some unconsciously, do the work of these enemies. Hence Liu Shaoqi's second (this time posthumous) chance to remind Party members – in 19 million of whom the Leadership reposes meagre confidence – that literally everything is expected of them.

EDUCATION
Rick Rogers

Other European countries do more to safeguard children's rights

Britain's primitive parents

IN SWEDEN it is against the law for parents to smack their children. In Holland, a permanent telephone service advises distressed children on how to handle parents whose marriage is breaking up. Norway is debating a proposal for a government 'ombudsman' service for children which can investigate what goes on in schools. Sweden already has an independent children's ombudsman run by the Save the Children Federation (Rädda Barnen). None of this exists in Britain.

The growing pressure to improve children's rights is concentrating on two key areas – violence and representation. Adults expect to be protected from the first and accorded the second. With children the reverse usually applies. For the underlying point about developments such as Sweden's anti-beating law is that societies deny basic human rights to children which adults take for granted. In some respects, children are accorded fewer 'rights' than domestic animals.

The Swedish parliament banned corporal punishment by parents last year by 259 votes to six. The official code of parenthood and guardianship now states that 'a child may not be subjected to physical punishment or other injurious or humiliating treatment'. That includes psychological punishments like scaring, threatening, ostracising, locking up or making a child look ridiculous. No legal sanctions are attached to that code – parents won't find themselves in court for giving their child a single slap. But any punishment that 'causes bodily injury or pain which is more than of a very temporary duration' *will* be regarded as assault and parents will be liable under the penal code.

The move is seen more as an educative one – changing the norms of how adults regard and treat children. It's a policy that seems to work. Beating in Swedish schools was banned in 1962 – amid strong teacher opposition. Now few teachers want a return to corporal punishment. In 1965, opinion polls found 53 per cent of parents agreed with beating children; by 1978, the proportion had dropped to 26 per cent.

Alongside the new clause in the parenthood code goes a government-sponsored programme of information and training. A Parental Education Scheme is available for couples about to have their first child. It is voluntary, but couples are able to take time off work to attend the sessions and are reimbursed for lost wages by the Swedish Social Welfare Service.

In contrast, Britain and Ireland are the only European countries where corporal punishment now occurs in school. Handicapped and nursery-age children can be, and are, beaten. Only four English local authorities have outlawed beating from all their schools. All the teachers' unions, at national level, officially oppose an end to beating. Most disturbing, the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children (NSPCC) refuses to speak out against corporal punishment – 'only those who teach and have to control unruly children and

Sweden has launched a massive education programme aimed at parents – after banning beating.

those who have to treat or if possible cure injured or unruly children can really be qualified to form such judgement'. British parents can administer 'reasonable chastisement' to their children under the law – anything from a spank to a beating.

Banning corporal punishment, ending the sale of war toys (Sweden has done this too), closer monitoring of violence on television are seen as some first steps in reducing the level of child abuse through violence. Winning equal representation for children – in court, in school, in hostels, at home too – is more complex. For it cuts across existing parental rights, calls for new attitudes towards children (seeing them as persons in their own right rather than the property of adults, ending the paternal response to children, and so on), and requires a substantial overhaul of children's law, which in this country is a mess.

For example, much of the 1975 Children Act, which would give children some greater degree of representation, remains unimplemented. A variety of Acts and procedures means there is no comprehensive view on children's legal provision. Leo Goodman, Wandsworth's director of social services, points out that child care legislation 'has been the result of the interaction of competing interests around the child rather than an attempt to legislate for his best interests'.

Which is not to say that the law on children in other European countries is any better – the Swedish anti-beating law *is* an exception. What is missing here is a willingness to push through legislative and institutional change specifically in children's interests rather than parents' and professionals' interests.

The Swedish government's Children's Rights Commission (where the corporal punishment proposal originated) has now come up with a proposal that in divorce and separation proceedings it is the child who should have the right of access to both parents, rather than the parents settling the issue. In addition, the child should have a legal right of access to other relatives and foster parents irrespective of the wishes of the natural parents.

A second proposal is that both parents, once divorced or parted, should continue to have a legal responsibility for their child. More controversially, it should be made possible, in certain circumstances, for parental responsibility to be transferable to another person without the parents actually being considered unfit to have that reponsibility. Such a step would be taken if judged in the child's interests – for example, if a child has spent a long period in a foster home and has put down roots there. This proposal is being seen as giving children the ability to 'divorce' their parents.

There are three major elements in upholding children's rights – advice, advocacy and protection. The current dilemma is finding effective ways of providing children with those services. A full-scale telephone service – they exist in Austria, West Germany, Holland, Switzerland – could help to get advice to children in trouble or distress, although it could only be a part of such an advice service. Watchdog or ombudsman services for children are developing in Sweden, Norway and America, either independently or linked to government, with varying degrees of success. Advocacy presents the most difficult problems – for example, changes in the law, a reappraisal of priorities and training within the legal profession. Adequate funding is a general problem. The Dutch Post Office issues a special set of children's stamps every year. A proportion of the income goes to the Dutch organisation Foundation for the Child, for distribution to projects on children's rights. The average annual amount raised is £4 million. In contrast, Britain's new National Children's Legal Centre has begun with a £50,000 one-off grant from the UK Association for the International Year of the Child. The Centre is now trying to raise more permanent funding through grants from industry, charitable trusts and government departments.

When the Centre opens fully this autumn it will provide an information and advice service, mount test cases on children's law, monitor existing law and practice and help formulate new codes of practice. A law centre in Brent, North London, has just received a grant to set up a special local service for young people. The London-based Kidsline phone service (220 calls a day) is welding its young callers into an effective force for children's play interests – using the evidence it provides to press for better planning locally.

The key to these projects' success lies in their ability to attract children's needs and perceptions rather than those of concerned adults.

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Cyprus Diary

☐ Why Cyprus? I hear you ask. Why this allocation of precious space to a small island when we have so much of our own to worry about? I'm writing, however, from an ex-British colony (not the smoothest of our well-known decolonisations). Many British people live here; some because they like it, many because they are in our large bases here whether they or the Cypriots like it or not. Tens of thousands of Cypriots live cooperatively among us in Britain, either as immigrants or refugees. Winston Churchill promised to grant self-determination to the island if it supported the anti-Nazi war (It did. He didn't). Cypriots were hanged and shot by British administrators in the Fifties for trying to rectify this breach of promise. Britain had a post-independence treaty with Cyprus after 1960, in which the promise was to defend the independence of the fledgling republic. That was broken too – in 1974 Callaghan and Wilson allowed the island to be partitioned between Greek fascists and Turkish invaders. Cyprus, in effect, paid the price for the fall of the junta in Athens. People remember this kind of thing. After Zimbabwe, Cyprus is the most important overseas commitment we have. Now may I go on?

☐ Geography is both a curse and a blessing to Cyprus. Its proximity to the Middle East has always made it a target for foreign conquerors (Aneurin Bevan once asked whether the British Government wanted a base in Cyprus or Cyprus as a base). But from here you can reach Cairo, Damascus, Jerusalem, Ankara and Beirut in about one hour (each). Having made all these journeys, I'm struck by the way in which Christian Cyprus has always – despite its predominantly European culture – been an ally of the Arab cause. Partly it's because Nasser gave his support to the Cyprus independence movement. Partly it's because the Cypriots now have many refugee camps of their own and thus feel an empathy with the Palestinians. The PLO is well represented here, and during the Lebanese war both sides used Cyprus as a sort of 'safe house'. Echoes of this can still be heard – last December two senior Palestinians were murdered by 'persons unknown' in a Nicosia street. There is an unwritten accord between the warring sides in the Middle East that Cyprus should not be used for the settling of scores. But like all unwritten agreements . . .

☐ The British bases here are an anomaly in several ways. For one thing, they are American bases – and events in Iran and Afghanistan have greatly enhanced their importance. The Americans use them for U-2 flights over the Middle East and (as Duncan Campbell was once nearly jugged for reporting) for a wide range of electronic surveillance as well. The bases at Akrotiri and Episkopi are actually British sovereign territory, which gives them an extraordinary constitutional status. Within them, the lawns and rows of suburban housing mark a grotesque attempt at importing the atmosphere of Aldershot to the Mediterranean. The locals call it 'Happy Valley'. A British radio station broadcasts *Family Favourites* and village hall dramas to a fairly unreceptive population. At the moment, while the Left is demanding that the bases be withdrawn, the Cyprus government is asking that the British at least pay the back rent they owe for them. What with the supply of water and electricity, the maintenance of roads and other facilities, the Cypriots calculate that they are owed close on £100 million. The last payments were made when Harold Wilson was Prime Minister. Wake up, Lord Carrington: the British reputation for square dealing is at risk once more.

☐ On the Turkish side of the line, there is a debate about whether or not to declare UDI. This would cut Turkish Cyprus loose as an independent state, instead of the province of mainland Turkey which it is at present. One obstacle to the announcement is the problem of international recognition. At the moment all the embassies and high commissions except the Turkish one are in Greek Nicosia and accredited to the Republic. So the newest feature of the Cyprus dispute is Islamic diplomacy. The Turkish side has taken to issuing a stream of devout propaganda – the latest edition of their official paper takes the bold step of calling for the whole world to become 'Islamistan', which is aiming pretty high. Envoys from Moslem countries are given the red carpet treatment, and some (like Bangladesh) are contemplating recognition. The problem here is twofold. One is that Turkish Cypriots are fairly indifferent to religion. The other is that many Arabs fear that recognition of the Turkish statelet would open the door to recognition of a pro-Israeli state in South Lebanon under the genial stewardship of Major Haddad.

☐ This month sees the anniversary of the destruction of Armenia, and the sizeable Armenian community in Cyprus is preparing its commemoration. Most of them, unsurprisingly, choose to live among the Greeks rather than the Turks – the Armenian quarter of Turkish Nicosia saw its inhabitants expelled years ago because they were thought to be a fifth column. Officially, the Turks do not recognise the existence of an Armenian question – just as they deny that there is any such place as Kurdistan. But both here and in Beirut there are flourishing Armenian populations. Strangely, since they tend to be a commercial and a religious lot, they have a peculiar affection for Soviet Armenia. I suppose it's just the idea that there is still some spot on the globe that bears the ancient name. As I was once denounced for saying, it's a pity that the Armenians aren't mentioned in the Old Testament, otherwise they could claim a national home somewhere.

☐ The Cyprus government abstained at the United Nations in the vote on Afghanistan. Although I think that was a mistake, I follow their bitterness at being invaded and occupied without comparable international attention and protest. Even now the OECD countries are signing a vast package deal of economic and military aid for Turkey, which although close to bankruptcy persists in maintaining a vast and expensive army in someone else's country. Surely there is a case for 'linkage' here – the Turks could hardly say that it was an interference in their internal affairs. Every OECD country has voted at some time or other for the demilitarisation of Cyprus and the withdrawal of foreign troops. Yet these principles become 'inoperative' as soon as Turkey plays its NATO card. Not the least reason to condemn the invasion of Afghanistan is the way in which it has strengthened the hand of local military elites in the Near East.

☐ Cyprus boasts the only genuine ghost city in the Mediterranean. The town of Famagusta has been kept entirely empty since its inhabitants were expelled during the invasion of 1974. It's still off limits even to journalists, but you can walk up to the barbed wire and see a vista of empty streets, deserted hotels and houses. From some parts of the island, former residents can actually see where they used to live – a painful experience. Received opinion has it that the Turks are keeping Famagusta empty as a bargaining counter – to be exchanged in return for a later partition agreement. But I had lunch not long ago with the Turkish mayor of the place, and he told me that if it isn't reoccupied soon there will be nothing to go back to. The pipes are crumbling and the wiring is in bad shape. Meanwhile people are living in tents only a few miles away. It's like watching a Palestine in the making.

☐ Now that Paul Johnson has finally left us I can tell one story I know that definitely does him credit. In 1954 the Tory Colonial Secretary was called Henry Hopkinson – and he made a complete twit of himself by saying in the House of Commons that Cyprus would 'never' become independent. That was too much even by the standards of the day, and he became known as 'never-say-never Hopkinson'. Soon afterwards they found the old boy a peerage and he sank into a well-merited obscurity under the title of Lord Colyton. Not long ago Paul was introduced to him at a Tory *soirée* and said 'Colyton? Aren't you never-say-never Hopkinson?' Colyton confirmed that he was, adding that he felt it was unfair after all these years to be remembered only for that one remark. 'My dear fellow', boomed Paul, 'if you hadn't made that one remark, nobody would ever have remembered you at all.'

Christopher Hitchens

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ Three English brothers tried to sell arms to the IRA but they did not have any contacts, Teesside Crown Court was told yesterday. So using the trunk dialling code for Ulster they rang any number and asked for the IRA, said Mr Stephen Williamson, prosecuting. But after five calls and being told where to go they gave up, he told Judge Angus Stroyan, QC. – *Daily Telegraph* (D. P. M. Salter)

☐ Some viewers of independent television would like programmes to contain more sex and violence and nearly all daytime viewers, especially elderly men, feel that afternoon programmes should be more 'adult'. – *Daily Telegraph* (Gregory Tesser)

☐ Lord Soames, the Governor of Rhodesia, yesterday returned to London with a parrot mistakenly accredited as a correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*. – *Daily Telegraph* (D. Hayward)

☐ A quick flick through the NEW STATESMAN is the nearest I come to any light reading. – Barbara Castle in the *Sunday Times* (Dr P. Dobbs)

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LETTERS to the EDITOR

Dole victims

From Ruth Lister

My note on the Government's plans to end the index-linking of social security benefits (NS 28 March) proved to be not entirely accurate. In the event, the Government has decided to continue the inflation-proofing of supplementary benefit and for such mercies we must be thankful. But this does not alter the fact that the cuts in 'short-term' national insurance benefits and invalidity benefit represent a clear attack on the principles of the Welfare State.

The Government has estimated that, as a result of the various cuts in national insurance benefits, 110,000 more people will be forced on to means-tested supplementary benefit. This further shift towards reliance on means tests is paralleled in the decision to put more money into the family income supplement scheme for working families instead of restoring the real value of child benefit. Behind all the fine talk about 'protecting those in greatest need', there is a clear strategy which aims to divide off the poor from the rest of society and to drive a wedge between the 'deserving' and 'undeserving' poor.

Child Poverty Action Group, 1 Macklin Street, London WC2

Kitchen situation

From Arthur Freeman

Francis Wheen makes a great fuss about the intervention of the autonomists in the Debate of the Decade (NS 21 March). Doesn't he realise that for many people on the left this kind of hyped-up debate between parliamentary Labourists and extra-parliamentary Marxists is only part of the phoney spectacle which helps to keep society as it is, and that the autonomists were only trying to turn the occasion into a genuine situation? Tariq Ali is reported to have called them 'supporters of the Red Brigades'; Paul Foot is reported to have said that 'any self-respecting anarchist would have been shocked at their behaviour'; Christopher Hitchens is reported to have been punched by one of them. Well, all I can say is that anyone who comes out hard against these and similar middle-class trendy lefty intellectuals is a comrade of mine and of many other people, whether anarchists or autonomists or just revolutionary libertarian socialists. If you lot can't stand the heat, get out of the kitchen.

84b Whitechapel High St., London E1

Gay and humanist

From Jim Herrick

Your television critic Julian Barnes mentioned (NS 21 March) Mrs Whitehouse's fears of the 'humanist-gay lobby'. At the time when she instituted the notorious prosecution of *Gay News* for blasphemy, she referred to the gay-humanist lobby. At that time no one other than her was aware of the existence of such a lobby. However, it seemed like a good idea. Prompted by her suggestion a group of gay humanists subsequently set up the Gay Humanist Group which aims to promote understanding of humanism among gays, of homosexuality among humanists, and to campaign for humanist and gay rights. We have not been invited to visit schools. Mrs Whitehouse has failed to reply to our letter asking her for the evidence for this myth which she has recently been putting about.

45 Telford Avenue, London SW2

From the Russian

From Avril Pyman

John Bayley, in his review of my biography of Aleksandr Blok (NS 21 March), writes that Blok's widow, when asked how she thought Blok would have reacted to the Soviet Thirties had he lived, replied that he might have 'celebrated' socialist construction. In Russia, this remark was told to me as 'Neznayu, Vozmozhno on avleksya-by stroitel'strom', which I rendered (p. 108n, Vol. II) as: 'I don't know. Perhaps he would have got enthusiastic about "Socialist Construction".' The word 'celebrated' in inverted commas is misleading. Blok would no more have played poet-laureate to Stalin than to the autocracy. He was a man of the utmost integrity.

Dept of Russian, University of Durham, Elvet Riverside, New Elvet, Durham

Cake eating

From Andy Thomas

Duncan Campbell's piece about nuclear power (NS 28 March) ignores one important facet of the Government's nuclear policy. If Westinghouse do win their anti-trust case against RTZ then they are of course assured of a supply of uranium, which will please the Government but annoy RTZ who will have to pay a massive sum of money in damages. But if the Protection of Trading Interests Bill becomes law, any UK subsidiary of RTZ could seize an equivalent sum from any UK subsidiary of Westinghouse! This is a marvellous example of having your (yellow)-cake and eating it too.

35 Yeomanry Court, Whalley Road, Manchester 16

Life's terrace

From John Willett

If Professor Wohl (NS 4 April) looks at his book more detachedly he will see that it contains its own misrepresentations; they don't have to be 'made' by unkind critics. Thus his purpose, as defined elsewhere in the introduction which he now cites, was 'to rescue the generation of 1914 from the shadowland of myth and to restore it to the realm of history'; after which he went on to speak of 'A history of the generation of 1914 ... European in scope'. This is what I meant when I said that his book suffers from a basic ambiguity of aim. Sometimes the concept of generation seems to be the main subject, sometimes – and then most inadequately – the war generation itself. The fact is that he has *not* told 'the story of the young men – the middle class élite'. And if he did not intend to then surely he should not allow it to appear that he did.

Volta House, Windmill Hill, London NW3

Harmony in Barnsley

From Roy Mason MP

I refer to your Diary column of 28 March by Tariq Ali. I have been sponsored by the National Union of Mineworkers for 27 years. I have never been upbraided by the NUM for my parliamentary and constituency activities and indeed the Yorkshire miners contingent of the Barnsley Labour Party have consistently given me support. It seems that you are out of touch with the facts.

House of Commons, London SW1

Fixing up addiction figures

From David Clark

I think Martin Short (NS 28 March) is getting his figures in a twist. When I did a formal interview with the head of the Metropolitan Drugs Squad in January he said he had no idea how many addicts there were in London, but he thought about 8,000 might be a reasonable guess – which is why I didn't include the Met. as one of the law enforcement agencies deliberately talking up the addiction statistics.

91 Grove Lane, London SE5

In a name?

From Adam Stout

Congratulations to Salop on becoming Shropshire again after six years in disguise. But how many of the other new county names created by the 1972 Local Government Act were really needed? If writing off a thousand years of history, with all the loss of local identity that entails, is truly progress, then we can look forward to a day when administrative names will have become obsolete, replaced by more practical labels like 'District 1' or 'Area B'.

The Act was passed at a time when Britain was afraid of appearing antiquated in the eyes of the world – as if, by boldly changing the map and abolishing such outdated terms as 'riding', Britain would show the world what a dynamic and go-ahead country it was. Six years on, Shropshire has shown us all that the process is not irreversible, that it's not too late to condemn most of the new names to extinction without affecting the beneficial aspects of the Act. I would like to hear from any NS readers of like mind, with a view to forming a nationwide 'Campaign for Real Counties'.

50 Winchester Street, London SW1

Hag-ography

From Jeannette Kupfermann

In Helen McNeil's review of my book *The Ms Taken Body* (NS 4 April) there were several misrepresentations that I feel I cannot let pass without comment. Thus in one paragraph I am described as 'An ex-model girl who can't decide whether glamour is good or bad, a Ph.D. in anthropology who envies her Hassidic women subjects the pleasures of having their heads shaved, feeling ritually unclean half the month, and being traditionally under-educated and excluded from knowledge of their religion, and an instructor in natural childbirth who feels embarrassed by the intimacy of birth with the father present'. While flattered that the reviewer should upgrade my degree to a Ph.D. (the blurb clearly states M. Phil.), I feel that this small mistake is perhaps indicative of the general level of accuracy of the whole review.

Firstly, I made it clear that as far as I was concerned glamour was neither good nor bad – it was Myth – part of a wider symbolic system, and as such warranted no value judgment.

On the second point, as a trained anthropologist, Ph.D. or M.Phil., I tried to counteract the ethnocentric bias exhibited by many feminist writers (precisely demonstrated by the reviewer) who heap scorn and derision on the sort of beliefs that traditional groups of women adhere to, by granting them a modicum of cognitive respect. (The reviewer did not point out that I was in this section describing the remarkable lack of depression among this group of women.) Far from being 'under-educated' this particular group were very well versed in the meaning of their own religious beliefs: nor did they themselves feel 'unclean' or deprived in any way – on the contrary, they felt privileged and saw a positive value in the rituals they adhered to (unpalatable or unbelievable as this fact may be to the reviewer).

Thirdly, and perhaps most importantly, as an ante-natal teacher I am not the slightest bit 'embarrassed' at the presence of the father in labour – on the contrary I teach what is called 'husband coached' delivery, encourage all fathers to participate in the birth, and was very grateful that my own husband was present at the births of our own children. But from my experience as a teacher, I do feel that both women and men should have some freedom of choice in this matter, and should not be dictated to by either fashion or fanaticism, which is clearly the case in some instances today. I also, in my book, made the sociological observation that the father's role in birth seems to be increasing in direct relationship to the weakening of the marriage bond – a point made before me by Mary Douglas.

Finally, as for my book being 'innocent of any social theory' – wishful thinking I think. What about Durkheim who patently provided the basis of all my theories? Or does he (or his latter-day advocates) not count if he does not support the reviewer's own polemical bias?

Fuschia Cottage, Port Isaac, Cornwall

Information wanted

Gertie Millar: reminiscences

David Parkes, 53 Kingsway, Stourport, Worcs.

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FIRST PERSON
Arthur Marshall

Manly little lads

Those of us who spend our waking hours and earn a sort of living by struggling to string words together in what one hopes to be a palatable and ea-si-ly ass-i-mi-la-ted fashion, find all too little time for reading the efforts of brother pens, dead or alive, who too have struggled and strung. Many is the long day since I have been able to run my eye along the three thousand or so books that, row upon dusty row, grace the walls of 'Myrtlebank' and, tugging out here a treasured Evelyn Waugh (*Scoop,* possibly) and there an early Stella Gibbons (*Bassett,* perhaps), re-live happy hours in the hammock with an apple and when the world was young. When I am really old and gray, and it will be any minute now, I would like to re-read nearly all of Dickens (I've never been able to get along very well with Pickwick) for to me he is, squalor, slop and all, the Master, or rather the Joint-Master for he must budge over and make room on the pedestal for P. G. Wodehouse. In both cases, and as with Shakespeare, the sheer volume of the words provided is breathtaking, though one is not here judging by volume.

My parents were what is known as Great Readers and encouraged one all along the line, though my father tended to stick to Dickens, working steadily through his collected edition and, on completing it, starting, like the Forth Bridge painters, at the beginning again. But my mother was more adventuresome (her reading of Aldous Huxley was locally considered to be very dashing) and when we lived in Berkshire, hardly a week passed without her saying 'Do remind me to go to Boots tomorrow'. For those who today only associate Boots with toothpaste and what now seem to be called Toiletries, Boots Library, coupled with the Times Library (though here the books came by post), was the great literary stand-by of country dwellers in the days before the burgeoning of our excellent county libraries and those splendid travelling ones. Boots librarians were invariably charming and helpful and often bore unusual names – Miss Foljambe, Miss Plenderleith, Miss Battersby. They sometimes aided one to jump the queue for a currently popular volume, and 'Get Miss Foljambe to sit on it for you' was a modish phrase among booklovers.

At school too and when I was young, reading was much encouraged. Apart from anything else, it kept one quiet and the authorities did not, wisely enough, ban this book or that as being unsuitable. I remember a happy moment when a boy called Morden returned to school with a sensational novel, filched from home, in which the heroine's name was 'Flame' and one of the chapters ended with the dramatic words, spoken by a male member of the cast, 'Flame, lie still!' Some of the more innocent boys thought this must mean that Flame, rather a vigorous girl as I recall, was about to jump up and get herself ready for badminton, but the precocious know-alls among whom I defiantly numbered myself, realised that the gentleman concerned was about to do something physical that would benefit from Flame abandoning all thought of badminton for the time being and remaining relatively motionless for once. Such books were, however and just as well, rare in our lives and for the rest it was the well-thumbed works of Percy F. Westerman, Sapper, Buchan, P. C. Wren, Dornford Yates, Scott and the excessively wholesome yarns of George Alfred Henty (one of the few authors to die on his own yacht in Weymouth harbour), his proud and principal publishers, Blackie, revealing in 1950 that up to then 25 million copies of his books had been eagerly snapped up by the public.

What a jolly surprise it can be when names, famous in other contexts, pop up as fictional ones in books. Who can forget that in Angela Brazil's *A Patriotic Schoolgirl* (it is from her middle period and when she was at the very height of her great powers), by far the naughtiest girl in the school is called Marjorie Anderson, the name of one of the most distinguished and pleasing *commères* of the entirely admirable 'Woman's Hour' on the wireless. Then wasn't it Richard Usborne, brilliant authority on the works of Wodehouse and others, who, digging and delving, discovered that in a cricket match in one of the Master's early school stories, the captains of the opposing teams were called Burgess and Maclean. In this respect, Henty does not let us down. In his *True to the Old Flag* we kick off in Massachusetts at the time of the American War of Independence and the English boy hero is sent off to Lake Huron to learn Indian fighting and woodcraft, prior to being a scout with an irregular force and doing fine work at the battle of Bunker's Hill. He then rescues two girls kidnapped by the Iroquois and I expect you'll want to know the name of this sturdy little chap. It is Harold Wilson. And there is in *Through Three Campaigns* a passage with modern overtones that strikes an altogether less cheerful note. 'When Blunt fell, it was the most natural thing in the world that I should go and pick him up, and I did so almost mechanically.' The speaker and performer of this noble act is a war hero, Captain Bullen, VC.

A splendid new life of Henty, *Held Fast for England* (Hamish Hamilton, £8.95), tells us all we wanted to know but hardly dared to ask (in his books, the constant repetition of the word 'lad', usually such an emotional give-away – look at Housman – had led one to fear the presence of an etiolated and wonky cleric). Not at all. This pipe-smoking and bearded newspaper correspondent who turned the scales at seventeen stone, invented an uncapsizable boat which amazed one and all by its ability to capsize, and eventually married his housekeeper, a Miss Elizabeth Keylock (such a suitable and reliable name for one of her profession) was normal as blueberry pie. He was also Chief Brave of the Wigwam, a small dining club which held cultural evenings and we must be careful what we say about him or we shall be pounced on by members of the Henty Society, formed in 1977 to keep the memory green, or whatever.

Arriving, a somewhat sickly boy, at Westminster School in 1846 and recklessly announcing that he wrote poetry and was fond of flowers, Henty had rapidly to learn boxing to protect himself and acquired the admiration for straight lefts that never deserted either him or his young heroes. At Cambridge and at Caius he pressed on with fisticuffs, learnt to wrestle (well, one never knew), rowed for the college eight and, in between whiles, read Classics. And so into journalism and, with the Crimean War in full and convenient action, as a military and war correspondent, flashing wildly from conflict to conflict. He was among Garibaldi's camp-followers, bobbed up in Russia for the Turkoman War, popped over to the Gold Coast for the Ashanti Campaign, nipped back to Serbia just in time for the Turco-Serbian War, and then it was up and away on the Abyssinian expedition with Napier, after which his health broke down, to the total astonishment of very few.

The Henty stories are rich in exciting historical backgrounds and, after a healthy few years at a public school (Cheltenham is popular, ditto Rugby, and there is at least one Etonian), the heroes tend to be appointed to the staffs of leaders such as Wolfe, Wellington, Turenne and Frederick the Great. Hearty Christianity was the line, with a prayer here and a straight left there, and with muscles preferably knotted and figures sinewy. Not too many brains, mind, and although the manly lads are always described as being merry as can be and full of japes and pranks, one hardly goes to Henty for laughs. Indeed, sober seriousness is everywhere to be seen and nowhere more so than in *Condemned as a Nihilist* ('The Story of Escape from Siberia') where the hero, Godfrey, fights the prison bully ('This fellow has been a nuisance in the ward') and knocks him out with, guess what, a straight left, prior to escaping down, apparently, the River Ob accompanied by a Russian called Luka who, poor chap, gets lectured about God, radicalism, women in politics, flogging, Russia and anything else that happens to cross his, or Henty's, mind. They land up eventually in a remote part of north Norway and serve them right. A fine read, indeed, but it gets 0 out of 10 for fun.

Roger Woddis

Vandals

What shall we do with the vandals?
How should we deal with the thugs?
The destruction that wasteth at noonday,
The madness of lager and drugs?
The innocent quail at their coming,
Bereft of articulate speech;
The donkeys give vent to their terror,
  And crap on the beach.

There must be an answer to violence,
According to every front page,
Some cure that will settle the sickness,
  Or sublimate juvenile rage.
All methods are mooted for coping
With Skinheads, Punks, Rockers and Mods,
From probing the source of frustration
  To shooting the sods.

What shall we do with the vandals,
The breakers and bringers of pain?
To anyone gifted with vision
The answer is perfectly plain:
The young must be grounded in missiles
To trigger their vigour's release
And given a flag when committing
  A breach of the peace.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Desmond Hogan

The Beating Down of the Wise

The Non-Stop Connolly Show by MARGARETTA D'ARCY & JOHN ARDEN *Pluto* Six parts. £2.50 each

The Non-Stop Connolly Show was first performed in Dublin on the evening of 29 March 1975, Easter Saturday. Many people attended this vigil, not just socialists and Republicans but young people who had long tired trying to make something out of their history. Margaretta D'Arcy and John Arden had shaped a spectacle from the life and times of James Connolly, Irish socialist leader; they also helped produce it and took part in it. The show, six parts in all, was supposed to last 24 hours. That was legendary. It finished appropriately about seven in the morning on the stage of Liberty Hall, Dublin, amid a swish of flags, orange and green. The irony was unmistakable. It was at Easter weekend 1916 that men marched from Liberty Hall, Dublin, Connolly among others, to occupy the GPO among other places, to add to the perennial catalogue of rebellions in Irish history.

For those of us who took part in the show it was a night we'd been working towards for virtually three months. Actors, young and old, playwrights, socialists, musicians. Arden and D'Arcy had picked at random from around Dublin and like Pied Pipers had collected people who couldn't have been more different in background, politics or commitment. There were film shows between acts, songs. One heard a girl's lament in Gaelic between episodes which debated Ireland's right to independence from England or showed supporters of Eugene Debs's presidential campaign running around the hall, imitating a train.

I played most notably Matt Talbot, Dublin proletarian mystic who tied himself in chains and lacerated himself with whips to redeem Dublin of its sins; Sean O'Casey, Dublin's poetic dramatist; Francis Sheehy Skeffington, an elegant pacifist and feminist. I remember the cold of the hall, the determination of the actors, the dynamic climax of the play: the dramatic dilemma of Connolly, would he or would he not join the Nationalist revolution?

There was an uncanny tension which locked these scenes together, a poignancy for those of us who were educated on the sanctity of 1916. D'Arcy and Arden are the only dramatists I know of to focus on this central crux of Irish history through historical characters; what is the position of a socialist in the face of an overwhelmingly nationalistic sense of history?

There were many uprisings in Irish history, all sung about or celebrated in doggerel verse. Ireland has two traditions, one not so much of the gun but of vicious, merciless violence, the scythe, the sword, the bomb, the other the pacifist tones of someone like Daniel O'Connell, the like of whom strikes a deeper cord in the Irish psyche.

Connolly came from neither tradition. He was a Republican and a socialist who loathed Pearse's blood-lust – 'The old heart of the earth needed to be warmed with the red wine of the battlefield' – but who ultimately opted for a bloody revolution on a minor scale not so much to break from Britain but to let out his own protest against Britain's centuries of manhandling Ireland.

The end of *The Non-Stop Connolly Show* has a verve, an alacrity, a triumphant tenacity with words that is elsewhere missing in the play. One feels one is in the presence of great drama and that the drama was made from a cold eye, an eye which like Yeats's, penetrated lies, phobias, images which dressed other images, and came up with – even if only for moments at a stretch – a mind-boggling authenticity.

The first production of the play was lit with colour, masks, flashes of crazy cartoon wit; would one forget Queen Victoria's Jubilee procession, for instance? Or a very arch looking doll who resembled Pope Pius XII being carried across the stage earnestly pursued by a goonish W. B. Yeats and a Maud Gonne who was much his senior?

Staring at a bald script, however, from a vantage of five years later I confess boredom, frustration with much of the material. The efforts to make Connolly and his relatives illustrious fall flat a lot of the time; there is a niggling veniality, a lack of drive, a supposition of audience awareness of contemporary political arguments.

However that point is far transcended by the dynamics of the play as it reaches its crucial stages. Parts 1,2,3,4 cover the biographical necessities of Connolly's career. Parts 5 and 6 show Connolly in conflict with two of the major Irish political figures of the time, Jim Larkin, the trade union leader and self-made messiah, and Patrick Pearse, the principled, eclectic Irish Nationalist. And wedded to these confrontations are the background issues of the time, war, hunger, strikes, more than anything the lockout of 1913 and the Great War. At these points, points that assail the dignity of the human being in immediate terms, the dramatists excel themselves. There is a wonderful grasp of dialect, of historical incident, of the odd revealing piece of poetry. The use of English is resonant, always clear, and flowing. A few lines sum up a battle. A phrase evokes an era.

A mystic emerges in the middle of a storm of aggression, an English suffragette wonders at the intransigence of Ireland, Larkin summons the Dublin proletariat to a side-street, the shoulders of a God on him, the arm of a soldier, a war demon does a pirouette and renders an account of the horrors of the first world war, Connolly in his execution chair looks back on his life and refuses to apologise, not even to his own fragmented conscience.

One is reminded of the early Arden, of *Sergeant Musgrave's Dance* and *Armstrong's Last Goodnight*, a firm purpose, a refusal to stand on soggy ground. The landscapes of the play are more D'Arcy's I suspect, the gnomic politicians, the tirelessly ugly capitalists, the proletariat rallying, asking for manna. John Arden is an English writer who came to live in Ireland. Margaretta D'Arcy is of Irish and Russian Jewish origins. Together they moulded the finest interpretation of Irish history ever achieved dramatically.

That the Irish nation seemed to reject their gift is not surprising. Ireland is as it was in Yeats's time:

> The beating down of the wise
> And great Art beaten down.

The National Theatre of Ireland and the National Theatre of Britain made no overtures to the Ardens.

After the production in Dublin some five years ago we toured Ireland. Firstly we went North. Numbers quickly dwindled and we were left with a few who ended up reading the plays to small but fascinated audiences. We stayed with Billy MacMillen, the Official Sinn Fein leader, four days before he was shot dead. We journeyed to Galway, perhaps seven of us left then, including two of the Arden children. That was the most successful part of the production, those readings; there was an immediacy, a lack of pomp that lent itself to the Arden proselytism.

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Margaretta D'Arcy and John Arden were organisers of the recent tribunal on the British presence in the north of Ireland. In that capacity they invited me as an Irish writer also living outside Ireland to read some of my work at an entertainment to finance this tribunal. I accepted their invitation because, although I am an enemy of the vicious violence that passes in Northern Ireland as tactics of liberation, I believe with one of the patrons of the tribunal, Noel Browne, for instance, that the British army are exacerbating violence in areas where there wouldn't otherwise be any. However some days before the entertainment I was told I couldn't go because certain people had objected to remarks I'd made about violence at a seminar in the ICA. After some wrangling I went anyway, read to red-hot Republicans and interested English people passages from my novel about an Irish woman looking for a wayward son in England.

But it is Connolly who must have the last word. As James Stephens said, 'If Larkin was the magnetic centre of the Irish labour movement, Connolly was its brains'. It was those brains which were addled when confronted with Pearse's fanaticism and violent wishes. Yet it was Connolly who founded the Irish Labour party which has included such diverse members as Noel Browne and Conor Cruise O'Brien, one who forever reminds us of the conflict in Irish minds between the two manifest Irish traditions, that of violence and that of constitutional agitation. Connolly mutters towards the end of the play:

> Out in the street the people throng and rush
> And cry aloud 'Bread, bread, where is our food –
> This child destroys our life,' they cry.
> It would not have been done had there been
> another way.

Was there another way? Sean O'Casey would have said yes. Francis Sheehy Skeffington would have said yes. But for Margaretta D'Arcy and John Arden it's an emphatic no, and we are reminded at the end of the play of their present concerns with the island to which they have given so much dedication. As Connolly is strapped into his seat of execution, a wounded man, his thoughts veer on Ireland:

> They always claimed that they were here to stay.
> They did not ask us if they may.
> And altogether they asked so very few
> That when the fire and sword and fury flew
> At them in Russia, China, Cuba, Africa, Vietnam
> And indeed once more in Ireland, my own home,
> They could not credit what it was they'd done.

I have no doubt that Margaretta D' Arcy and John Arden will continue illuminating areas that most of us don't want to think about, let alone talk about; it is our privilege to contradict them but theirs to write about H-blocks, Armagh jail, the cancerous conditions of Irish political prisoners in English jails, to go on saying over and over again that people have a right to stand up to the system and that those fighting oppression with their nerves are considerably aided by those who fight with the pen.

Branka Magaš

Love and Revolution

Comrade and Lover: Rosa Luxemburg's Letters to Leo Jogiches edited and translated by Elzbieta Ettinger *MIT Press* £7 75
Alexandra Kollontai: A Biography by CATHY PORTER *Virago* £12 & £4.95
Sylvia Pankhurst, Artist and Crusader by RICHARD PANKHURST *Paddington* £7.95
An Unhusbanded Life: Charlotte Despard, Socialist, Suffragette and Sinn Feiner by ANDRO LINKLATER *Hutchinson* £8.95

Rosa Luxemburg, Alexandra Kollontai, Sylvia Pankhurst – the names are almost synonymous with the left wing of the European working-class movement in the first two decades of this century. These three women were born and grew up at the time when the second industrial revolution was changing the face of continental Europe, allowing France and above all Germany successfully to challenge British hegemony. The relatively rapid introduction of capitalism into the villages of the more backward regions of Europe was bankrupting what remained of feudal relations, sending thousands of peasant women and men to join – via a harsh baptism of super-exploitation, squalor and insecurity – the industrial proletariat. This vast regroupment was accompanied by increasing imperialist rivalry, and by the rise of nationalism among the subjugated peoples of Europe, in Ireland as in Poland. It was dominated by a spectacular growth of the organised working-class movement: by the first decade of this century, all the major (and even some not so major) European countries had developed strong social-democratic parties.

Destructive of traditional sexual relations, this process gave a powerful impetus to the emancipation of women. The suffragette movement in Britain and the United States was paralleled by a variety of women's movements in other countries. Whether by forming single-sex organisations or by joining the social-democratic parties, women took an increasingly active part in the politics of the day. Only a generation or two earlier, symbolically, Madame Bovary and Anna Karenina had rebelled against despair by suicide. For this generation, however, a path of collective rebellion and social revolution opened up.

Rosa Luxemburg helped to found the Social Democracy of the Kingdom of Poland (a precursor of today's ruling communist party), became a leader of the left wing of the German Social-Democratic Party and, on the eve of her murder on 15 January 1919, attended the founding congress of the German Communist Party. Alexandra Kollontai was active in the struggle for Finnish independence, joined first the Menshevik and then the Bolshevik wing of the Russian Social-Democratic Party, and was a People's Commissar in the first Bolshevik government. In 1920 she joined the Workers' Opposition but five years later capitulated to Stalin without a fight, effectively ending her independent political life.

Freedom of association and economic development *by Guy Caire*

Is freedom of association compatible with economic development, or is the one bound to be a brake on the other? This is a topical issue in a number of countries where economic development is just acquiring momentum. In this work the author, a well known specialist on questions of development and trade unionism, argues that the two are in fact by no means incompatible.
ISBN 92-2-101466-5 (hard cover) £7.50
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Man in his working environment.
A workers' education manual

Intended to alert workers and trade unions to the fact that, notwithstanding the benefits they bring, economic development and technical progress can have harmful effects not only on the working environment but also on the quality of life of the workers. It describes the laws and principles of ecology, showing how failure to abide by them can affect both rural and urban areas.
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The training of nationals as technicans and workers in the petroleum industry of developing countries

This is a report concerning technological developments and expansion of the petroleum industry in to new areas, thus causing an impact on the jobs performed, and consequently the nature of training required.
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An attempt has been made to highlight the main developments in training and education through selected texts or abstracts in three Western European countries shosen because of the extensive reforms that their education and training systems have undergone during the past ten years.
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Sylvia, the most radical of the Pankhursts, broke away from the WSPU to work among the women of London's East End, where she edited the *Woman's* (after 1917, *Workers'*) *Dreadnought* and founded the Workers' Socialist Federation, which subsequently merged into the Communist Party of Great Britain. She herself was a delegate to the second congress of the Third International, and in 1920 was British correspondent for Gramsci's *L'Ordine Nuovo*. She drifted away from communism in the 1920s but remained an active opponent of fascism, and ended her life in Ethiopia.

Charlotte Despard, two generations older than Sylvia, came to active politics through her work among the Battersea poor, where she saw at first hand the terrible effects that a century of industrialism had had on Irish and English workers and their families. Close to the ILP, she joined the suffragette movement and later Sinn Fein (causing yet another scandal among her class peers, since her brother, Sir John French, was at the time Lord Lieutenant of Ireland). There is a splendid photograph of her, aged 89, speaking at an anti-fascist rally in Trafalgar Square. Andro Linklater's biography of this remarkable woman is also a fine piece of historical research on the period.

Despard and Pankhurst worked together, first within the WSPU and then in different wings of the suffragette movement. Kollontai had met both: the first foreign publication of the Workers' Opposition Manifesto was in the *Workers' Dreadnought*. As Russian subjects, Luxemburg and Kollontai shared many childhood memories (such as the hanging of Sofia Perovskaia in 1881 for her part in the assassination of Tsar Alexander II). Though they met only briefly (and apparently did not get on), they nevertheless shared a number of political positions, not least a rejection of Bernstein's revisionism and a keen interest in the Russian revolution. None of these women were feminists, in the sense of having a primary commitment to women's liberation within the framework of a single-sex organisation; what they had in common was total dedication to radical political activity.

The contemporary women's movement tends to place a sign of equality between the personal and the political, the private and the public life. Calls to politicise the unconscious are not infrequent. Neal Ascherson, in a warm review of *Comrade and Lover* for the *New York Review of Books*, talks of Luxemburg's 'inner and personal politics' revealed in her letters to Jogiches. But was her life-long strategy really to make 'a new and "progressive" synthesis out of love and work'? Reading Luxemburg's side of this correspondence, one is struck by how inappropriate this analysis is. For Luxemburg never confused politics with her personal life – though both politics and love tied her for most of her adult life to Leo Jogiches. On the contrary, she was only too conscious of the distinction between the two, and continuously rebelled against the gradual encroachment on the latter by the former. Aged 28, sick with desire to live with Leo and have children, she wrote:

> . . . the way we have lived our entire life has been influenced by work so much that whether I want it or not, my personal impressions have become almost meaningless to me. My psychological states are unimportant. Indeed, it almost repels me that they exist. I don't want to experience them, let alone write about them . . . our lives have been driven – to the exclusion of everything else – by the desire for and expectation of results.

What sort of a person should a revolutionary be? For generations now, the dominant image – rooted ultimately in Jacobinism – is to be found in the *Revolutionary Catechism* of Bakunin and Nechaev:

> The revolutionary is a lost man; he has no interest of his own; no feelings, no habits, no belongings; he does not even have a name. Everything in him is absorbed by a single exclusive interest, a single passion – the revolution.

Luxemburg does not fit this image, certainly. 'Yes, I have this cursed longing for happiness, and I am ready to haggle for my daily portion with the stubbornness of a mule,' she wrote to Jogiches in 1898. Although in the end she had to accept defeat, this thirst for happiness, for an 'ordinary' life, combined with a fearless intellect, is what helped to make Luxemburg such a formidable revolutionary.

> How many times have I wondered . . . if it is possible to love a collectivity when one has not been deeply loved oneself . . .? Hasn't this had some effect on my life as a militant, has it not tended to make me sterile and reduce my quality as a revolutionary by making everything a matter of pure intellect, of mere mathematical calculation?

So wrote Gramsci in 1924 to his wife-to-be. The tragedy is that Luxemburg's and Jogiches's loss was revolution's gain.

Elzbieta Ettinger deserves the highest praise for this volume which allows us a glimpse of the private persona of the woman known to thousands of militants simply as Rosa.

For the sake of struggle against social injustice, Sylvia Pankhurst broke with her family and gave up painting, her lifelong love. This relatively unknown side to her life is portrayed in a book devoted to her (not very distinguished) drawings, paintings and poetry, written by her son Richard, born when she was 45. It is a pity that the author is quite so reticent about her Marxist period since this prevents any real explanation of her sacrifice.

In her carefully researched and sympathetic biography of Alexandra Kollontai, Cathy Porter describes the origins, problems and ultimate fate of the Bolshevik experiment, through the life of one of its key participants. Bolshevik theory and practice on 'the question of women' is permanently associated with the name of Kollontai, who realised early on that a strategy for women's liberation requires active mobilisation of the masses, female masses in particular, since masses learn above all through experience of struggle. Kollontai was an effective organiser and propagandist, and her writings have justly enjoyed a strong revival in recent years. It is not so much her analytic depth or the originality of her theoretical insight that is Kollontai's distinctive contribution, but rather her readiness to apply her Marxism to all the concrete issues raised by sexual equality, not least in the province of private life.

Michael Kustow

Glass Bulbs

Performance Art : Memoirs and **Scripts** by JEFF NUTTALL *Calder* 2 vols £6.95 & £3.50 each

In Britain, the artistic avant-garde is a chameleon creature. It gutters and flares, by turns an assertion of provincial integrity against metropolitan blandness, a demolition of gentility, a Mad Hatter's Tea Party attended by the spirits of Blake, Carroll and the Goons. For 20 years Jeff Nuttall has been a colourful inhabitant of our alternative culture and one of the most articulate guides to its behaviour and beliefs. Poet, novelist, sculptor, jazz trumpeter and author of *Bomb Culture*, which linked CND fears and hopes to the splintering of old artistic forms, Nuttall has never strayed far from the frontline of what we used to call 'the underground'. In these impressionistic memoirs he traces his involvement in, then growing estrangement from, a movement which sought to expose theatre to the discoveries of Dada, Surrealism and the music of John Cage.

Maileresque and Artaudian by turns, Nuttall recalls how he came to provide scripts and scenarios for the People Show, a pioneering free-form performance group that 15 years later is still going unsteady:

> I was suffering deeply from a massive sense of moral and creative impotence. The anti-bomb movement had been ignored. The Vietnam war was being permitted. I was unhappily wed. Affect was nowhere to be found. I wanted to smash the impenetrable glass bulbs in which people housed their apathy. I was livid with rage and unspent energy and wanted to inflict it in order to energise the world at large. Most of all I wanted to nauseate. I was not interested in any theatre that gave people the immunity of darkness and anonymity. I was not concerned to perform to voyeurs. I wasn't reviving Dada and the Theatre of Cruelty. I was these things.

Often a ruefully funny chronicler, Nuttall parades the bizarre cast of his odyssey of experiment and evokes the battlegrounds of their finest hours – dank Betterbooks basement, stony staircases of the Edinburgh Fringe, gaunt grimy Bradford and its genially astonished citizenry, a Whitsun wake in a Yorkshire valley where pastoral beauty, romantic industrial ironwork, traditional fetes and antics of avant-garde merry pranksters merged into one of those miraculous English occasions when extremes embrace.

Alongside his hip reportage Nuttall strikes another, more strident note. 'English bourgeois craftsmen have ever deceived themselves that they could hang around the edges of art filching a few mannerisms to lend some sense of audacity to their basically unchanging poses.' What Nuttall most dislikes in the Pau Nashes and Peter Brooks of his demonology – and even more in the contortions of the Arts Council to provide nervous grants for experi mental activity – is too comfortable a connec tion between art and life. Nuttall's own art i confrontational, nourished, as appears in hi appended scripts, by gross body imagery anc an obsession with sadistic crime – a gleefu

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grappling with puritanism.

While applauding his anti-institutional cultural politics, many of today's radical art practitioners would probably dismiss Nuttall's sweaty, jazz-based, beat-generation style. Punks and post-moderns snigger at the heroics of their predecessors. Nuttall charts his own disenchantments – the People Show becoming too 'self-determining' to bother to rehearse his scripts properly, even by their own loose-woven criteria; a new generation of art-history-conscious performers tempted by the carrot of subsidy into a bland, ultra-cool style, far removed from Nuttall's characteristic accent of revolt and subversion. Nuttall would also doubtless be out of sympathy with those numerous 'community artists' today whose fascination with the power play of cultural politics seems to outweigh their devotion to the work of art itself.

These sprawling, self-dramatising but not self-deluding memoirs serve as a reminder that much of what is vigorous in our recent art has sprung from art schools now trembling beneath the axe. There's a certain amount of bullshit about the deficiencies of the 'straight' actor and the 'bourgeois' theatre, all the more foolish since one can already see that performance art's vivid imagery, free structures and high spirits have been harnessed – and not forcibly betrayed – by comparatively mainstream performers and playwrights like Howard Brenton, Ken Campbell, Pip Simmons, even the Monty Pythons. And it's comforting to see that the British experimental imagination is alive and well in the publisher's inventively aleatoric typesetting, as Rob Con, the Wolverhampton sculptor who appears as Bob Con on page 119 wearing a mask of a terraced suburban house, would be the first to acknowledge.

Blake Morrison
Party

He having finished an affair, her next one not
yet started,
they organise a party,

and ring their friends, or send out cards
with part
of the second half of the alphabet,

Cooled with fragments of translucent stone,
a drink is given to everyone,

and the clever chat just grows and grows
like the hosts' collection of *monsteras*.

Where two child-size coffins reverberate
and moan,
there is a moving mime show:

boxers in a tired clasp, a man just stung
by bees,
or diners furious for some service,

Upstairs a circle of would-be buddhas
play pass-the-parcel at a dragging pace,

while the pale and trembling wife of
an architect
prostrates herself before the toilet.

Time to go home: to choose from a bonfire
of coats, make your way to the car

and drive back through the painful clarity
of morning:
'Christ – Luke and Isabel are boring.'

John Arden
Tey Love Tee Not

Threshold of a Nation by PHILIP EDWARDS *Cambridge* £10.75
Women and Fiction by PATRICIA STUBBS *Harvester* £10.95
The Genius of Shaw edited by MICHAEL HOLROYD *Hodder* £9.95

Three books on the same general theme – literature and public affairs, and how closely do they interact? Professor Edwards is concerned with the theatre's contribution to the sense of national identity, and the inevitable failure of honest drama to support nationalism beyond a certain point. Ms Stubbs recounts the attempts of women to obtain their rightful place in society and the extent to which this was supported (and too often shamefully resisted) by English novelists in their work between 1880 and 1920. In both books the imagination of the maker of 'fictions' is seen as not only reflecting social circumstances but also influencing them. There are some similarities between the Stubbs approach and the Irish chapters of Edwards – both women and Irish were asserting themselves (indeed still are) from the underneath. The Elizabethan/Jacobean playwrights were not: they were confirming a national status already largely achieved: and this made its own problems for the poets. How far was Shakespeare's Henry V intended to disgust us as much as he does? When Ben Jonson brings an Irishman on stage to say to the king (James I, *in person*!):

> Be not angry vit te honesh men, for te few rebelsh, and knavesh . . . For, by Got, tey love tee in Ireland . . .

how much did he really believe his own character, or was it just wishful thinking? (Either way, the speech should have carried a warning for the organisers of the 'Sense of Ireland' festival.) Such questions, and their like, are gone into in detail in the first two thirds of Professor Edwards's book.

Michael Holroyd's compilation is different – delightfully illustrated, enormously various, to be dipped into at random for unusual points of view on GBS (an author impossible to categorise) and quirky quotes. I found two essays – by John O'Donovan on Shaw's youth in Dublin, and Terence de Vere White on 'The Irishman Abroad' – exceptionally interesting, probably because Shaw's Irishness is more apparent if you live, as I do, in that country: and I did not previously know too much about it. I had not heard, for example, that the great rationalist had suffered the dreadful humilation of being sent, at the age of 11, to a lower middle-class Roman Catholic primary school . . . and he kept very quiet about it for years afterward.

> My snob tragedy. It was an enormous place, with huge unscaleable railings and gates which for me might well have been inscribed: 'All hope abandon, ye who enter here', for that the son of a Protestant merchant-gentleman and feudal downstart should pass those bars . . . was inconceivable from the Shaw point of view.

This is the Protestant Irish equivalent of Dickens's being put to work in the blacking-warehouse, and demonstrates very well how class-traumas in England are caste-traumas across the water, and are so hard to get rid of in adult life that it takes a positive giant of an Anglo-Irish native to view Anglo-Irish politics with anything approaching rationality – hence so much of the inadequacy of the 'British' literary world in the face of the current war. Writer after writer seems to have close relatives, distant relatives, or even just friends, among the posterity of the colonial planters, nearly all of them with a little black Paisley tucked unconsciously inside them somewhere between the gallstones and the spleen.

Shaw himself was not quite able to sort himself out on this issue as lucidly as he did upon others: although he defended Casement and the other executed rebels of 1916, an irresponsible facetiousness took the edge off his protest, already undermined by his earlier insistence that Ireland must take part in the war against Germany. In this he was not out of line with most of the British socialists: but compared, say, with the splendid precision of James Connolly's Irish socialist view of World War I, and its implications for national liberty, his attitude seems today to have been less than perceptive. On Ulster he said:

> It is possible that the Ulsterman should be exterminated . . . but as that is a job no English Government is prepared to undertake, the alternative seems to be to comply with his demands short of exterminating all the Catholics, which . . . is also impracticable.

He used this argument to recommend partition: and look where it has led us.

I have allowed myself too much upon Shaw, because the book is so stimulating: though not, I admit, as analytically important as Professor Edwards's short set of (partially-connected) essays. Briefly, his argument is that the Reformation and English national consciousness were inextricably twined: our national drama reflected the latter and was emasculated by the former: because it was so emasculated (and 'Cromwellians' were clearly to blame), Yeats saw it as a manifestation of Celtic survival in Britain, and developed his own ideas of an Irish national drama upon this understanding: the Irish drama in turn has been rendered useless as a social force by religious bigotry and the attached violence.

The first part of the book is a superb account of the tensions and stresses and national/religious/racial confusions that make up Elizabethan literature, and have had such dubious consequences down to our own day. Professor Edwards says of Matthew Arnold that he

> . . . gave his great authority to the idea that Celtic ineffectualness and failure were spiritually greater than the successfulness of Saxon materialism and 'drive' –

and that Yeats took this notion up, providing in *The King's Threshold* a definitive parable of the writer's relation with political power. H'm, yes . . . but Professor Edwards's own facility for accepting Kitsonian interpretations of contemporary Belfast suggests that it is perhaps not so much Irish poets as British academics

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who are floating in an 'ineffectual' twilight about their approach to Irish politics today. He seems not to understand the nature of 1970s republicanism or of the (corrupted) 'Peace Movement', and to take the compassion of O'Casey or the satire of Synge at face value without too much regard for their Protestant conditioning. But then he does admit that his Irish chapters are his sketchiest: and the book as a whole is far too challenging to be niggled at.

Ms Stubbs will be invaluable for anyone needing a handy schedule of novelists and their attitude to what used to be called 'the woman question'. I don't think it's been done so comprehensively before. (Though she doesn't mention Shaw's novels. *Love Among The Artists* ought not to be forgotten in this context.) Her specific commitment apart, however, I don't find her methods of literary analysis all that original – there is a slight aroma of the thesis-factory, only dissipated by the anger one feels at so much of her material, at the needless emotional blocks and obscurantist social blackmails suffered by both writers and readers. I do wish she hadn't talked so about a mythical post-17th-century artefact she calls 'The Novel', as if *story-books* had not existed throughout literate history. She asks feminists for 'more fiction and less realism': if she means less of 'The Novel', I whole-heartedly agree. Sententious categorising has nothing to do with the work as a writer produces it.

David Winter

Realism and Constraint

Popular and Polite Art in the Age of Hogarth and Fielding by RONALD PAULSON *Notre Dame* £12

The Dark Side of the Landscape: The Rural Poor in English Painting 1730-1840 by JOHN BARRELL *Cambridge* £15

Neither of these books can be strictly classified as a study of literature or art, although those are the subjects that Paulson and Barrell would probably claim to have treated. Both Paulson (in his Preface) and Barrell (in his Introduction) acknowledge a debt to E. P. Thompson, in particular to his *Making of the English Working Class* (1963). That two scholars writing about art and literature should both have drawn from that study in social history is not a coincidence, rather a symptom of a major current in contemporary scholarship in which the methods of research and the discoveries of one discipline are brought to bear upon another. In general this exchange among the various scholarly fields is uneven and seems to operate according to a sort of hierarchy in which the influence flows only in one direction, from the 'big' fields at the top down to literature and then art at the bottom. Thus, however important Thompson was to Paulson and Barrell, he barely noticed art or literature, and in the extensive index of *The Making of the English Working Class* not one of the major figures discussed by Paulson or by Barrell – Fielding, Hogarth, Gainsborough, Morland, and Constable – has an entry. In different mixtures, these books by Paulson and Barrell exhibit the perils and the virtues of interdisciplinary study. Cross-fertilisation in scholarship can be salubrious, opening fresh lines of inquiry and yielding results which otherwise might not have been obtained. But the practice can be risky. The methods of interpretation used in one field may not always work well elsewhere.

Coming to art with backgrounds in literature, Paulson and Barrell too often treat images as if they were words, wringing over-interpretation from them. There is further risk in transferring the burden of the interpretation of one field's subject matter to another: we may for example come to rely on social history, politics, and economics to guide us toward an understanding of art or literature or to adopt the dangerous belief that the painting once it is laid on the psychiatrist's couch, so to speak, will confess its full meaning. Employed as if it were the datum in some other field, the painting or poem is devalued. This devaluation occasionally occurs in Paulson's book and is almost a *leitmotiv* in Barrell's.

Paulson's title is misleading, for although he is concerned with the age of Hogarth and Fielding he does not offer a true survey of its popular and polite art. Literature is given far more attention than the visual arts, and all but one of the illustrations are of works by Hogarth, and these mostly of his engravings. Hogarth and Fielding are the twin foci, but, since the book is not really about them either, the reader who expects to learn about their place in art and literature will likely be disappointed. The book might instead be described as a study of the sociology of culture, for the author is interested in the relation between high and low culture, how influence travelled from one to the other, how the material of the subculture was transformed in polite art, and how the same work might have been understood differently depending on the station of the beholder. Paulson has a secondary interest in 'Polite Metaphors, Models, and Paradigms' (the rubric above the latter half of the book) or ways in which the subject matter in art or literature was ordered in accordance with structures which were a part of the popular consciousness. In the first half of the book, under the rubric of 'Subculture Types', there are chapters on the criminal, the apprentice, the crowd, and on signboards, the English dog, joke books, and card games. In the six chapters of the second half, metaphors, models, and paradigms which have left an imprint on art and literature are discovered – in some cases perhaps too ingeniously – in things as varied as parables and fluid mechanics. Because the book is an amalgamation of a series of lectures and separately published essays, its parts do not fit seamlessly together, and one receives the impression that the book was a result not of a plan but an afterthought. This may account for the occasional incoherence of the 'Preface'. Paulson's prose is never graceful, and there are passages of careless writing which hamper his argument.

If Thompson's discoveries about class structures led Paulson to investigate the relation between low and high art, it inspired Barrell to look into the representation of the rural poor in painting. Paulson argues that when something from the subculture – a joke, for example – was elevated to polite society, it was in the process transformed so as to be suitable for polite ears, and in an analogous way Barrell maintains that when the poor were depicted in art they were subjected to certain 'constraints' to make their portrayal suitable for polite eyes. This seems probable enough, since few owners of art (no matter what their class or politics) are likely to want images of squalor or misery on their walls. But to paint images of the rural poor, happy with its lot, cheerfully labouring in the field to support the classes above it, and unlikely to disturb the *status quo*, became ever more difficult (Barrell argues) because a growing demand for realism had made the pastoral tradition of painting no longer viable. Pulled this way by realism and that way by 'constraints', Gainsborough and Morland, Barrell believes, invented – or rather were caused to invent, since the author in the Introduction warns that the language of intention does not necessarily imply intention – complex solutions.

By the time of Constable the forces of realism were so powerful and the plight of the rural poor so generally known that a new solution was needed. Constable found a bold one: he simply banished the labouring poor to the distant background of his paintings where we can hardly make them out. To round out this preposterous argument Barrell ought to have written one more chapter, about the later, misty paintings of Turner from which even the landscape has been banished. The author's unfamiliarity with the history of art leads him into multiple errors which increase geometrically under the pressure of his heavy political bias. He has only a primitive notion of what realism can mean in the visual arts and no idea of the various ways in which it can be manifested. The image of the countryside held in the mind of Gainsborough or Morland (we know from the way they worked) was no received from the place itself, as was Paulson' subculture joke, but from the artist's imagination and the artistic traditions available to him. The image was idealised before it wa born, and neither painter could have supplied an 'unconstrained' depiction if asked.

Although it would seem to be a big issue fo his thesis, Barrell pays only passing attentio to the changing relations between painter and patrons from 1730-1840. In the chapte on Morland, whose works were widely copied faked, and forged, the author has made n attempt to establish the authenticity of th works he discusses, even though his argumen turns upon a close reading of the details an an interpretation of what Morland's contem poraries had to say about his works. Is Barre sure that the Tate's *Door of a Village In (illustrated on p. 118)* is by Morland? Som might say that the original is the canva auctioned at Christie's on May 15, 1953, as lo 134; others that it is the work which was in th collection at Preston Hall, Ford – assumin that they had done the necessary labour in th field to uncover these paintings. The sensib reader will survive this book. The real disse vice has been done to the artists, who appe as pawns, their intentions emasculated, and their works, seen as the bastard offspring constraint and deceit.

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Rosemary Ashton

Flowers!

Heinrich Heine: A Modern Biography by JEFFREY L. SAMMONS *Carcanet* £6.95

What a marvellous subject Heine is for the biographer. There he is, the German Jew living under restrictive laws who converted to Christianity for convenience, all the while loudly denouncing a fellow Jew for taking the same action; the radical who quarrelled as much with other radicals as with the establishment; the lyrical poet who thumbed his nose at the 'Romantic school', while also claiming to be its last great pupil; the exile in France who delighted in 'instructing' the French in matters German and the Germans in matters French. After a lifetime of fighting, largely with the pen but also from time to time with sword and pistol, Heine dragged out a long dying of eight years on his 'mattress-grave' in Paris, his physical collapse coinciding (providentially for the biographer) with the 1848 Revolution in that city.

But Heine also presents headaches to his biographer. His habit of being autobiographical in everything he wrote proves a hindrance rather than a help, since 'he never acknowledged the priority of fact and event over imagination', and he had a disconcerting 'strategy of hiding'. Professor Sammons admits that he does not know what the 'true Heine' is, but hopes to provide a corrective to the tendency of some Heine scholars (by which he means East German academics eager to claim Heine as an anti-bourgeois radical and to exaggerate his connections with his fellow exile Marx) to make Heine fit a preconceived pattern. Certainly Sammons is scholarly, fair-minded and generous with facts and analysis. As he says, Heine's life and work cannot be made to serve 'ideologically unambiguous campaigns' without distortion. He thus aims at inclusiveness, and demythologises Heine in the process. This means not only refusing to accept the Heine who is the 'puppet of unsubtle propagandists', but also strong-mindedly resisting seduction by Heine's image of himself in his works. Already the author of a critical work on Heine the 'elusive poet', Sammons here offers a complementary picture of Heine the elusive personality. As befits biography, the concentration is on relationships and opinions as revealed in correspondence and memoirs.

Though this is undoubtedly the proper emphasis, it does entail a loss. For the witty, self-dramatising Heine of the works is so quotable, whereas wit 'is not a primary experience of the biographer who immerses himself in Heine's private communications and relations'. The view Heine promoted of himself, around which legends have formed, is a more arresting one than Professor Sammons's. He does quote a few of Heine's aphorisms – on Goethe's objectivity: 'Nature wanted to know how it looked and created Goethe'; on French poetry as 'rhymed burping'; on George Sand as a 'redstocking'. We also get some idea of Heine's embarrassing posturing. 'Flowers! Flowers! I will crown my head for the fight to the death. And the lyre, too, hand me the lyre, that I may sing battle songs,' wrote Heine disingenuously in his treacherous work on his fellow radical Ludwig Börne. Occasionally, too, Heine's ability to shock by a literally realised metaphor comes across, as when he describes Napoleon's marriage to the Austrian Emperor's daughter as the 'incarnated revolution that, with boots and spurs and spattered with the blood of the battlefield, climbed into the bed of an Imperial blonde and stained the white sheets of Habsburg'.

But these are a small sample from an oeuvre full of such wit. Sammons, though painstakingly building up a picture of Heine's life, keeps us at a distance from the works. This is the result partly of his corrective aim and partly of his quoting Heine in translation. Presumably he is writing for the reader without German (though his recurring engagement with East and West German scholarship shows he is also writing for the Heine expert). For such a reader Heine the adroit lyrical poet, the parodist of self and others, the 'exploiter of wit and pathos' (Matthew Arnold), who 'confounds us by the most bewildering double-edged sarcasms' (George Eliot), hardly appears.

Nevertheless, all readers ought to be grateful to Professor Sammons for placing Heine so meticulously in his context. His gift for scholarly analysis and his fine sense of style combine to give excellent accounts of the medium in which Heine lived and worked. He deftly sketches the political, religious, and philosophical background in Heine's native Germany and his adoptive France, and relates Heine to Goethe, Hegel, Marx, the Saint Simonians, the radicals and exiles of the 'Young Germany' movement with a lightness of touch that impresses all the more because it goes along with such weighty scholarship.

Heinrich Heine:

From 'Buch der Lieder'

Der Tod, das ist die kühle Nacht,
Das Leben ist der schwüle Tag.
Es dunkelt schon, mich schläfert,
Der Tag hat mich müd gemacht.

Über mein Bett erhebt sich ein Baum,
Drin singt die junge Nachtigall;
Sie singt von lauter Liebe,
Ich hör es sogar im Traum.

Death? – death is the chilly night,
Life is the sultry day.
It's growing dark, I want to sleep,
Weary after hours of light.

A great tree rises over my bed;
In it a young nightingale sings;
His song tells of nothing else but love
And penetrates my dreaming head.

Judy Cooke

Pleasing Mamma

Mary Olivier: A Life and **Life and Death of Harriett Frean** by MAY SINCLAIR *Virago* £2.95 and £2.50

And the evening would go on, soundless and calm, with soft, annihilating feet, with the soft, cruel feet of oblivion.' Thus Mary Olivier, looking back on a life sacrificed to 'holy Mamma', the tyrant who has denied her emotional fulfilment and whose own life is drawing slowly to a close. Mary makes certain of painful truths: her suitor was sent packing without her knowledge and she herself recalled from school not because of her religious doubt, as she was told, but because her parents resented her success. Now middle-aged, she has one last chance of happiness. The habit of a lifetime is too strong; she renounces her lover and returns to watch obediently beside her mother's bed.

This would be a bleak, familiar story, however well told, were it not for a counter movement in the narrative by which the heroine's tragedy as a woman becomes her triumph as a writer. Very early on, Mary learns how to fight back. A child of the 1860s, she is force-fed Christianity of the kind that celebrates 'a fountain filled with blood/drawn from Emmanuel's veins'. She is revolted and afraid but fascinated, nonetheless, by the sheer power of language; moreover, she can sometimes persuade Mamma to read the bit about 'the silver cord . . . the golden bowl'. Braving ridicule, she borrows her brother's Greek textbook; she educates herself, reads Kant and Spinoza, ventures even further into

Michael Foreman and Anthony Paul will be signing copies of their new book
The Tiger who lost his Stripes
(Andersen Press – £3.50)
at
Bernard Stone – The Turret Bookshop, 43 Floral Street, Covent Garden, LONDON WC2E 9DW. (01-836 7557)
on Friday 18 April 1980 at 12 noon

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Heine, Goethe and Schopenhauer. By the time she is in her forties we see her discovering Walt Whitman, writing her own poetry and publishing a translation of Euripides. It is a touching portrait; Mary has one possibility of independence, takes it and survives.

May Sinclair possessed a number of the novelist's virtues: an observant eye, an ironic awareness of what freedom costs, an ear for the inner rhythms of family debate. Like Dorothy Richardson she was an innovator, seeking a prose style which would communicate the very ebb and flow of consciousness. This autobiographical study of ambivalent love is both sad and compelling; first published in 1919, the wider implications make it a crucial text in literary feminism.

Born in 1863, May Sinclair was the youngest of six children, of whom the rest were boys. Her family seemed doomed to suffer; her father was an alcoholic and a bankrupt, four of her brothers contracted heart disease. Not surprisingly, May identified with the Brontës and wrote about them; her own staying power was, however, robust. She outlived her difficult mother by 45 years to become a prolific novelist and critic, a major writer of her day. She was praised by Forster and T. S. Eliot and enjoyed the friendship of a younger generation of writers, Pound and the Imagists, as well as that of her contemporaries. She campaigned for the suffragist cause, travelled in Europe and America, served in a war-time ambulance unit and became a founder member of the Tavistock Square Clinic, an early centre of psychoanalytic training and treatment.

With such wide-ranging abilities and interests, why has she been forgotten? Perhaps because she came to fiction late and thus published her best books in the Twenties, when the literary sky was full of rising stars. Virago have done us a service by reintroducing her work. Mary Olivier's character may be set alongside that of Maggie Tulliver; the short novel *Life and Death of Harriett Frean* (1922) is imaginative and shrewd. As Jean Radford points out in her excellent introduction, Mary's story was one of sublimation, whereas Harriett's story is a study of repression, clinically exact. Harriett is the only child of doting parents, stifled by an upbringing in which there is no room for punishment, since 'she would always have to do what they wanted; the unhappiness of not doing it was more than she could bear'. At a vicarage tea-party she goes hungry, rather than be thought greedy; older, still foolish, she rejects a potential husband out of a mistaken sense of what is honourable. She wants to please Mamma.

In the course of this succinct and chilling narrative, a world decays. Harriett sees her father disgraced and her mother die of cancer. She can never accept that her own sacrifices have been meaningless, that what she practised as morality was merely cruel. The man who loved her makes a disastrous marriage. The maid who cares for her is dismissed unjustly and consequently loses her baby. Harriett takes no blame; she is like the blue ornamental egg displayed in her parents' drawing-room, hollow, sterile, of no use. Reality threatens to intrude at last in a specialist's diagnosis. 'Harriett felt nothing but a strange, solemn excitement and exultation ... she had what her mother had.' The book is a little masterpiece, a disturbing analysis of English class and character.

Simon Blow

Quick Eye

The Sidmouth Letters by JANE GARDAM *Hamish Hamilton* £6.50
Tsotsi by ATHOL FUGARD *Rex Collings* £5
The Apathetic Bookie Joint by DANIEL FUCHS *Secker* £5.95
Endless Love by SCOTT SPENCER *Cape* £5.95

Jane Gardam, who started off as a writer of children's books, was made a runner-up for the 1978 Booker Prize with her novel *God on the Rocks* and has been the recipient of several prizes for her short stories. As a short story writer she has two essential assets: style and a quick eye for the extraordinary. She can pick on the small incident and find that behind it lies the bizarre, or the chilling, uncomfortable edge.

Why, in 'The Dickies', does Jo-Jo Dickie, Pauline's nice, ex-military husband make a play for a woman's hand at the dinner table? Why should a patently honourable man be keeping his wife in neurotic fits for years by his philandering? Her women friends agree that he may be a charmer, but he's an utter cad. It is the dinner-table details that leads on to the clue to the mystery. It is through such carefully chosen minutiae that Jane Gardam finds her truths.

But Jane Gardam is on less sure ground when she moves into areas with which she can only be familiar by hearsay. Placing herself in the character of a tramp in 'The Great, Grand, Soap-Water Kick' she produces a monologue that is unconvincing as either realism or parody. 'I'm tramp, see. Hobo. Drop-out. Gentleman of road. Swag-man. Tramp.' No, It will not do. The result of this seven-page monologue is tired music-hall crossed with Bob Dylan.

Yet, on other accounts, she can deal superbly with the single situation. 'For He Heard The Loud Bassoon' is about a male homosexual (gay would be inappropriate here) who intrudes by accident on a wedding with neither guests nor witnesses at the socially smart St George's, Hanover Square. A homosexual Swiss banker is marrying a reliable and warm county girl. The intruder is asked to be witness and then guest at their wedding breakfast. Over breakfast the bridegroom disappears, and it seems as if he will not return. Suddenly the intruder longs for the girl and her warmth. She seems to offer a lasting security, and he dreams of taking her away. But it is not to be. With the groom's disappearance he was clutching at a straw, and the intruder is returned to an ailing mother and a lifetime's emotional desert.

The title-story of this volume is the moral of the *Aspern Papers* updated. It centres round the discovery of some letters from Jane Austen to the man she was abortively attached to at Sidmouth in 1801. The story has some excellent comic moments but it does not rate alongside the four or five stories in this book that display Jane Gardam's intuitiveness for noting the elusive disturbance, funny or sad. In a society where it has become increasingly hard to grasp the whole, her brief, spare writing very much has its place.

Poetic and stylish too, though with more obviously dramatic subject matter, is Athol Fugard's novel *Tsotsi*. This is Fugard's only novel so far and resurrected from a drawer where it had lain for 20 years, since Fugard switched to establish himself as one of South Africa's foremost playwrights. Tsotsi, meaning thug, is the name adopted by a young Black African who leads a gang of three taking their revenge on the injustice of Black ghetto life.

Unprincipled and uncaring, they murder their fellow countrymen for no more than a week's wages. Tsotsi pursues a stunted cripple, whose legs have been smashed in a mineshaft disaster, for a few pence he has begged; a cripple who reminds him of the broken-down dog that yelled the night his mother was taken by the police; a cripple whose deformity also reflects the despair of the ghetto. But the cripple is to be the instrument of Tsotsi's transformation, as is an abandoned baby the boy jealously guards.

Fugard's fable is beautifully written, but does seem an error on somebody's part to have left it 20 years before publishing it. The blurb says it deals with urgent contemporary realities in South Africa, and true though this is, its story has lost some of its freshness for today. The tragedy of apartheid has been much reported over the years, even though the harsh treatment of the blacks may have shifted little. But what distresses most is the violence does not upset as once it did. As comes in from all quarters now, the sho palate has been numbed.

For Daniel Fuchs's collection of stories *The Apathetic Bookie Joint* the numbed conditic need be no cause for concern. The majority these stories, many of which were first published in the *New Yorker*, have an easy-goin open-ended outlook that does not distur The earliest date back to the late Thirtie about the time when Fuchs took off to becon a scriptwriter in Hollywood. The book is fi of good, comradely situations neatly remov from reality and infused with a branch of t native humour that leaves me cold ('Ever thing these days is like walking on eggshells More interesting is an autobiographical lo short story 'Triplicate' that mocks the egotis patter of the movie moguls. There is an aut biographical essay on life out West which vivid too. Fuchs has a fine ear for the profe sion's absurdities, and it will be a waste if does not write his memoirs.

'Style,' Thornton Wilder once wrote, 'is t the faintly contemptible vessel in which t bitter liquid is recommended to the worl Wilder's paradox, however, has not be heeded by Scott Spencer while writing saga, *Endless Love*.

Scott Spencer's writing in this novel is self-indulgent as his belief that the traum teenage love affair described can affect us pure and untainted. Repeated sexual imag palls faster than any other and is rarely evo tive of selfless tenderness. Of sex, yes. I that, apparently, is not what the nove about.

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March Books

The following is a selection of books published during March and received by the NEW STATESMAN. Inclusion in this list does not preclude the possiblity of a future review.

Art, Architecture & Design

DORÉ ASHTON **A Fable of Modern Art** *Thames & Hudson* £7.95. An analysis of modern art, with 48 black-and-white illustrations, but drawing on literature and music as well as the visual arts.

MATTHEW BAIGELL **Dictionary of American Art** *Murray* £8.95. A comprehensive alphabetical dictionary covering all aspects of American art from the 17th century to the present.

ARTHUR DREXLER **Transformations in Modern Architecture** *Secker* £7.95. A paperback including 165 pages of plates with an introduction.

JOAN KINNEIR (Ed.) **The Artist by Himself: Self Portraits from Youth to Old Age** *Granada* £10. Seventy self-portraits reproduced in black-and-white and arranged according to the age of the artist at the time of drawing.

FRED LICHT **Goya: The Origins of the Modern Temper in Art** *Murray* £9.95. A new interpretation of Goya's work and its influence, with illustrations.

JOSÉ LÓPEZ-REY **Velasquez** *Studio Vista* £11.95. Large-format book copiously illustrated in black-and-white and colour, with introduction and commentary.

BYRON MIKELLIDES (Ed.) **Architecture for People: Explorations in a New Humane Environment** *Studio Vista* £12.95. Illustrated essays on recent architecture in relation to people's needs.

Autobiography & Letters

LADY DURHAM **Letters and Diaries** *Dobson* £8.95. The first publication of the personal papers of the wife of the author of the *Report on the Affairs of British North America*, edited by Patricia Godsell.

LOREN EISELEY **All the Strange Hours: The Excavation of a Life** *Wildwood* £6.95. Autobiography of the naturalist and scientist.

HENRY JAMES **Letters, Vol. II** *Macmillan* £15. Henry James's letters from 1875 to 1883 edited by Leon Edel.

ANTHONY POWELL **Faces in My Time** *Heinemann* £8.50. Volume three of his memoirs, *Keep the Ball Rolling*.

J. M. RICHARDS **Memoirs of an Unjust Fella** *Weidenfeld* £10. Autobiography of man who was editor of the *Architectural Review* for over 30 years.

DORA RUSSELL **The Tamarisk Tree 2: My School and the Years of War** *Virago* £8.95. The second volume of her autobiography.

RICHARD WAGNER **The Brown Book 1865-1882** *Gollancz* £9.95. The first complete publication of Wagner's diaries for this period, annotated by Joachim Bergfeld.

VIRGINIA WOOLF **The Diary, Vol. III** *Hogarth* £10.50. Her diaries for the period 1925-1930.

Biography

BEVERLY LINET **Ladd: The Life, the Legend, the Legacy of Alan Ladd** *Robson* £7.50. Popular biography of film star.

W. J. MCCORMACK **Sheridan le Fanu and Victorian Ireland** *Oxford* £12.50. A biography drawing on previously unpublished letters, diaries, etc.

NELL IRVIN PAINTER **The Narrative of Hosea Hudson** *Harvard* £10.50. The life story of a black Communist in the South, from 1898 to the present.

FRANCIS SPALDING **Roger Fry: Art and Life** *Granada* £9.95. Illustrated biography.

Drama, Cinema & Music

GRAHAM GREENE **The Pleasure Dome** *Oxford* £3.50. The collected film criticism 1935-40, edited by John Russell Taylor.

SEAN O'CASEY **The Harvest Festival** *Colin Smythe Ltd* £8.95. The first publication of Sean O'Casey's earliest extant play.

LIAM O'LEARY **Rex Ingram** *Academy Press* £12.50. The story of the 'master of silent film'.

S. S. PRAWER **Caligari's Children** *Oxford* £8.95. An analysis of the techniques and narratives of film 'as tale of terror'.

Fiction

DENYS VAL BAKER (Ed.) **Women Writing 3** *Sidgwick* £5.95. Short stories by 12 women writers.

ARTHUR A. COHEN **Acts of Theft** *Secker* £6.50. Set in modern Mexico and concerning the theft of pre-Columbian treasure.

JANICE ELLIOTT **Summer People** *Hodder* £5.95. A summer in the lives of holiday-home people.

WITOLD GOMBROWICZ **Possessed or The Secret of Myslotch: A Gothic Novel** *Marion Boyars* £6.95. First published in serial form just before the second world war.

SHIRLEY HAZZARD **The Transit of Venus** *Macmillan* £6.95. Extensive, cross-generational novel.

P. D. JAMES **Innocent Blood** *Faber* £5.95. The starting point of this thriller is the decision by an adoptee to trace her natural parents.

History

JOAN BEAUMONT **Comrades in Arms** *Davis Poynter* £10.50. A detailed study of British aid to Russia 1941-1945.

ANTHONY BURTON **The Past at Work** *Deutsch* £8.95. Accompaniment to the television series about our industrial past, with photographs by Clive Coote.

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Starvation & Shredded Wheat

Following our recent analysis (29 February) of the conventional formulas governing radio documentaries, PHILIP SCHLESINGER discusses constraints imposed on TELEVISION writers and reporters.

EVEN OUTSTANDING TELEVISION programmes are borne away by that ever-flowing stream which constitutes a night's viewing. Do more than the most harrowing details remain from incisive and bitter documentaries such as John Pilger's *Year Zero – the Silent Death of Cambodia*? Television, usually viewed in a domestic setting, does not generally command the kind of attention reserved for the cinema with its ritualised dimming of the lights and its norm of silence.

These thoughts were provoked by a recent weekend seminar, 'Looking at Television', organised by the British Film Institute at the National Film Theatre. One of the BFI's new missions, largely inspired by its recently-appointed Director, Anthony Smith, is to try and develop an institutional basis for television criticism.

This initiative is timely, for there exists no regular forum where those who make television programmes can discuss their work with critics and teachers. The attendance of some 250 people reflected the high degree of interest in the seminar.

Whereas the discussion of drama centred on 'naturalism', the lodestar concept in the sessions on journalism and documentary was 'objectivity'. It is the claim to objectivity and impartiality which underpins and legitimises television journalism and sustains its public credibility as a truthful version of reality. Both John Pilger and Jonathan Dimbleby, in the session devoted to their work, argued that so-called objective journalism is in fact committed to the assumptions of the establishment. But as they have to live in mainstream institutions wedded to the theory and practice of such journalism, how do they survive?

Pilger, who disdained the view that he was a 'superhero' of the small screen, believed the key to his survival was his second string as a writer for the *Daily Mirror*. Having an 'alternative power-base' outside television enabled him to 'hold on to that audacious feeling, a refusal to compromise'. He did face constant pressures to conform, though. It was frequently necessary to demonstrate the soundness of his sources to the IBA, most recently in the case of his Cambodia documentary. In 1976, Pilger had protracted arguments with both the IBA and ATV over the labelling of three documentaries as 'a personal view': the audience has to be saved from ideological contamination by the equivalent of the government health warning on a packet of cigarettes.

Both Dimbleby and Pilger agreed that an important source of their room for manoeuvre lay in their successes in ratings terms. As Dimbleby put it: 'The companies try to personalise you if they think you're that kind of commodity.' But, he thought, this puts them in a double-bind because it endorses the reporter's independent standing, thus making it more difficult to rein him in. Pilger talked of 'the real risk of being absorbed into entertainment, especially where commercials follow'.

An instance of how television's continuous flow may tend to negate the intended message occurred when his documentary *Zap! – the Weapon is Food*, on the causes of starvation, was followed by a shredded wheat advert. At one time, Pilger warned his audience about being distracted by commercials. 'It worked on a couple of occasions until the IBA came in.'

John Willis's approach to documentaries differs considerably. 'It's not this is what I think, rather this is what I've discovered' which is his guiding maxim. He laid considerable stress on treating film as evidence, and sees his programmes as the compilation of dossiers, be they about abuses in the treatment of mental patients (*The Secret Hospital*) or the problems of runaways (*Johnny Go Home*).

Whereas Dimbleby and Pilger constantly emphasised the constraints they face, Willis did not experience the limitations of television as oppressive. One might conclude from these differences of view that documentaries demonstrating acceptable concern with social problems and seeking their redress within the system have much more room for manoeuvre than those which invoke the dangerous politics of class. Moreover, Willis's fundamentally empiricist conception of the documentary harmonises with the dominant mode of objectivity and provides no really discordant ideological note.

Much of the discussion of journalism and drama was premissed upon the assumption that the liberal tradition in broadcasting will continue to afford such openings for dissent. One can hardly be confident of this. Dimbleby thought the prospects rather bleak, while Pilger, confessing himself amazed that his programmes continued to be made, foresaw great dangers for politically sensitive films dealing with domestic issues. This gloom seems well-founded at a time when the BBC is highly vulnerable to political pressures due to its rickety finances. During the past year, intensified attacks on television's coverage of Northern Ireland have come from Mrs Thatcher's government.

THERE WAS a bizarre climax to a weekend so devoted to television and politics. The writer Susan Harris, who was in London to receive the Broadcasting Press Guild's award for the best overseas programme, swept in for the finale in a gorgeous fur, looking like Sue Ellen from *Dallas*. Her contribution was intended to shed light on the making of her wildly successful comedy serial *Soap*, but it turned into an exercise in the absurd, worthy of *Soap* itself, for those of us who had assumed that *Soap* had subversive intentions. Of course, we could be forgiven for believing that a programme which debunks the nuclear family, overturns stereotypes of women and gays, and mocks the very conventions of television soap opera might have had some kind of political inspiration. Not a bit of it. Rather, so says Ms. Harris, she only writes about 'what makes me laugh or makes me cry'. She has never thought about her audience, and has never had the slightest intention of recasting the television images of women and gays. Nor does she think that *Soap* has had any effect on dominant stereotypes, and she didn't really seem to care.

Susan Harris mentioned that ABC, the network putting out *Soap*, could find no sponsors for two years, and that she has weekly battles with Standards and Practices about 'sex and words'. But she drew no political conclusions from such facts. We did learn though, that when Jody was contemplating his sex-change operation, Mary had really wanted to warn him that 'It doesn't grow back', but could only say 'It's not like a haircut'. She also disclosed that the brilliant 'horny' scene round Jessica's table where Jessica, Mary, Corinne and Eunice discuss, *inter alia*, faking orgasms had almost been censored. But it was the feminists, perhaps, who were most deeply disappointed by Ms Harris's approach to women's issues. Was it all a deadpan joke? Had Susan Harris, like Bert, been taken over by aliens?

THE BFI should be encouraged to develop further the forum for television criticism, but with several points in mind. The weekend sessions largely aped television chat shows interspersed with visuals, and rendered the audience rather passive. The practitioners, for the most part, were handled with kid gloves by interlocutors sympathetic to their work. Pat Madden and Mairede Thomas, the event organisers, explain this in terms of past hostilities at the Edinburgh Festivals when practitioners and their critics were at daggers drawn. Thus, they argue, the dialogue needed to be opened gently, and no doubt they were right. Perhaps next time we can have more of the rough stuff?

Secondly, given television's ephemeral quality, those wishing to discuss particular programmes or genres need exposure to film and videotapes before all the talk begins. To develop a critical forum, therefore, the BFI should consider mounting periodic screenings at the NFT and in the regional film theatres in order to arm its potential patrons.

Finally, there needs to be a clearer confrontation with the purposes of such an event. For to criticise is to take the world as it is and give it a good shaking, and thus to engage in a form of politics. Is this practice to be limited to the intellectual élite which filled the NFT? Or what means be sought to open up such potentialities to the broadest possible constituency

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Television

Julian Barnes

Very Clean

Shortly after Robert Louis Stevenson died, one of his fans tracked down his former nanny. She was then an old lady living in Edinburgh, and, yes, as a matter of fact she did have a lock of young Louis's hair, which she had snipped from his head when he was just a wee bairn. She had treasured it tenderly all these years, while watching the novelist's fame grow, and she wouldn't part with it for anything; well, not quite anything; well, she was a little down on her luck; why, thank you kindly, sir, she agreed, with tears in her eyes, passing over the long-preserved tuft. And after that, for many years to come – Stevenson died young and the nanny was a sturdy old thing – acolytes would arrive on her doorstep in pursuit of memorabilia, and none of them would go away disappointed. By the time the old lady died, there was enough of Stevenson's hair in circulation to stuff a pouffe.

I was reminded of this story during Tony Palmer's film for *The South Bank Show* (LWT) about Benjamin Britten, *A Time There Was* . . . He turned up a delightful old lady called Miss Hudson – what else? – who had been housekeeper to Britten and Peter Pears; and from now on no biography of the composer, filmed or otherwise, is going to be complete without her. Altogether, she got about three times the footage Palmer allowed to Leonard Bernstein (though he probably doesn't come cheap), and was three times as diverting. 'In my young days we never looked on actors and actresses as a respectable class,' she began, properly establishing the social inferiority of her employers; but she soon got on to matters of graver concern. 'Oh, they were always *very clean* – Mr Britten was always in and out of the bath,' she told us; and later, nostalgically, 'Mr Britten liked a spotted dog . . . But Mr Britten had to be careful – he didn't have strong insides like Mr Pears.' I've heard of getting to a man's heart through his stomach; this was getting to his genius through his larder. Nevertheless, this column predicts a grand TV future for Miss Hudson, who remained unprobed on such subjects as whether Mr Britten had a soap-on-a-rope in his bathroom, and whether Mr Britten's fly buttoned or zipped.

The programme began with an illuminating slip by the announcer – 'This film was made by Peter Pears with the cooperation of Peter Pears'; and indeed, it proved Tony Palmer's most unPalmerised film for a long time, both instructive and unpretentious. There were interviews with Britten's surviving sisters, clips from home movies, archive footage and the recollections of friends and employees. Britten himself recalled his lessons with Frank Bridge (the boy would produce what he had written, Bridge would play it through and ask if that was what he had meant; Britten, 'Yes'; Bridge, 'Well, it shouldn't be'); and there was a sequence from one of those Auden/Britten/Rotha documentaries of the late Thirties called *The Way to the Sea*, with the composer imitating chomping, screeching machinery, the director focusing in on grainy, honest faces, and Auden providing a pompous, dictatorial script.

Mostly, though, there was the music and Peter Pears. With the music, Palmer concentrated too much on opera – apart from a fragment of Julian Bream there was nothing about the orchestral or chamber music; and nothing at all, surprisingly, from or about Rostropovich: shouldn't he have been mentioned, even if he declined to be interviewed? But Pears talking – about Britten's career, and his life with the composer – was the best thing in the film. It was, doubtless, a coincidence that the last third of this programme occupied the slot hitherto filled by *Gay Life*; but while the tenor talked, with dignity and an unsentimental candour, of his relationship with the composer, you couldn't help thinking that he was unwittingly doing far more for the gay cause than a dozen worried shows about key symbolism and leather.

Britten, Pears emphasised, was slow to admit his talent and frequently convinced of his failure. The rest of the week's viewing offered altogether more spirited and conclusive examples of failure. The *News*, for instance, faced with the panda that was off its bamboo, unchivalrously dug up some old footage of its spouse's unenthusiastic leg-over attempt; a decorous fade-out then occurred (as indeed it did in real life). *Arena* (BBC-2) devoted a whole programme to failure, including a rivetting sequence in which Stephen Pile 'failed' to interview Larry Hagman, that big bastard from *Dallas*. I write 'failed', because it was hard to work out quite how far Pile was shamming incompetence (an earlier interview with Reginald Bosanquet seemed too knowingly fake); but the effect on Hagman – who had presumably been put up to it a bit, but maybe not all the way – was delightful.

As Pile stumbled vacuously and pretended to be very thick, as the leftover lights he had 'borrowed' from a previous interview were roughly unplugged, Hagman began to crack up. He started with routine tough-guy responses, then veered into uncertainty, open contempt, disbelieving merriment, and racked asides to the camera crew. By the time Pile finally compared his own frightful bright blue padded airman's helmet with Hagman's luxy, pure white, ass-kicking stetson, the actor seemed utterly relaxed by the walking shambles in front of him. As long as such an interviewer can live with the ego-shrinking memory of his performance on camera, this way lie illuminating encounters.

Man Alive (BBC-2) ran a useful, if inevitably inconclusive, film about people who are classified as failures in some parts of the country but not in others. Local education authorities are apparently allowed to make up their own minds about whether dyslexia exists or not; so if your child is told to put on his slippers and responds by getting undressed and donning his pyjamas, where you live governs what you have on your hands: either a dyslexic malfunction or a case of stupid bloody-mindedness. Oddest remark on the show came from Tom Crabtree, who claimed that parents shouldn't teach their children to read, but should get the neighbours to do it: teaching them yourselves was 'a failure situation'. Asking the neighbours to teach your kids, I would have thought, is a potential thick-ear and truancy situation.

Jack Clemo, subject of *A Different Drummer* (BBC-2), has been in an even harsher failure situation. Now 64, the Cornish poet has been deaf for 44 years and blind for 25; yet writing, it seems, for all of them. This intelligently filmed portrait was presented through Clemo's own voice; but while you made the natural allowances for his infirmities – doubling them, indeed, for Easter week – you didn't exactly feel a spontaneous bubble of sympathy for the poet. He began by dismissing 'the shallow ideals' of his clayworker father: 'But Dad lived only for the sensual experience. . .' Writers who patronise their parents for being less spiritual than them (and also, implicitly, for not being writers) had better have a hand loaded with high cards.

Clemo manifestly had not. He prided himself on being 'very remote from the common experience', he talked in a stakhanovite way of 'pouring out thousands of words in ecstatic detachment from ordinary life'; he lauded his own 'fierce individualism'. One waited for signs of interest in other people, or, for that matter, evidence of Clemo's writing talent. He did manage to refer at one point to 'the strong, simple truths I was beginning to discover'; but what precisely they were – apart from a woozy mysticism which allowed sex to be a good thing – evaded both the film and us.

Theatre

Benedict Nightingale

Agonised Tic

Hamlet by SHAKESPEARE *Royal Court*
As You Like It by SHAKESPEARE *Stratford*
Ubu by JARRY, adapted by SPIKE MILLIGAN
Jeannetta Cochrane

Jonathan Pryce is, I suppose, best known for the skinhead charisma he brought to Trevor Griffiths's *Comedians* and to Petruchio in the RSC *Shrew*; and, if the theatre had a highway code, it would by now have obliged someone to put up notices around him, 'danger, low-flying feelings'. Yet his reputation for coiled menace tells only part of the truth.

For instance, I recall a television director telling me that he had to ditch good footage simply because Pryce, the star of his play, so often looked so much more melancholy than he ought. That long, fractured face of his has the knack of seeming green or greeny-blue when scientific examination would reveal it was actually its officially-designated pinky-gray; and it, and indeed everything else about him, can twitch, squirm and flail at will, until one could swear the whole of his body was one vast agonised tic. Are we beginning to assemble a dossier on whose front might be stamped the name of Hamlet?

I think we are. Midway through the play, the prince wonders if he hasn't been misled by 'weakness and my melancholy', qualities Pryce does more than most actors to emphasise. At the very start the tiny throb at the back of his voice threatens to become an open sob at the sheer insensitivity of his mother's questions; and his knee winces from Claudius's avuncular pat as if itself galvanised by grief and disgust. This Hamlet has taken his father's

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death very badly indeed, and in any case is an edgy, insecure young man, given to abrupt changes of mood and sudden laughter that sometimes sounds a bit goofy, sometimes harsh and strident. When Polonius interrupts his reading he nearly jumps out of his skin. For once it is clear why Claudius 'popped in between th'election and my hopes', displacing the obvious heir. This prince was always immature, and now stress has pushed his natural unpredictability up to, at times perhaps even past, its border with madness.

But this is not enough for the play as a whole, nor does it adequately sum up what Pryce has actually become by its blood-boltered end. His performance up to this point is, let me emphasise, extraordinarily abundant, flawed only by a tendency to lose the odd word in its general hurry. Consider the slight self-mockery of his first scene with Guildencrantz, and the tension of his big bust-up with them. Consider the initial gentleness he shows Harriet Walter's Ophelia – 'get thee to a nunnery' begins by being affectionate, rueful, half-serious advice – and his pellmell decline, on realising she's betrayed him to her father, into a kind of impotent sexual violence, all distraught grabbing, kissing, fumbling, goosing. Consider his gathering dementia and aggression in the closet scene with his mother, and also the shock and distress he registers at killing Polonius, an act most Hamlets shrug off as lightly as busting a chipped cup in the washing-up. Consider his wolfish howls at Ophelia's death.

So unstoppable is this performance that it spreads beyond its boundaries and absorbs a role always before played by someone else, if only through a mike offstage. Mr Pryce, believe it or not, becomes the Madame Arcate of Elsinore, a medium at an unlooked-for seance, half-booming, half-burping up the words of his father's spirit, itself temporarily resident in his stomach. I hope this idea doesn't catch on, since it tends to suggest that the ghost is another of Hamlet's psychosomatic symptoms, which it obviously isn't; but it is bravura stuff, like so much of Pryce's performance. The essential point, however, is that, for all its detail, his interpretation has a shape, a pattern, a development-plan. At the beginning he's a confused Wittenberg undergraduate in some danger of poisoning himself with his own gas-ring. By the end he's been scorched and scorified into something older, surer, tougher, harder, the indisputable master both of his own fate and of other people's.

Two small objections to Richard Eyre's production. First, he shouldn't have obliged Pryce to address the 'to be' speech directly to Ophelia: it takes the steam out of Hamlet's private battle with his soul, reducing it into a prolonged piece of self-explanation from some invisible analyst's couch. Second, the idea of jamming Ophelia's corpse into a skull-crammed cupboard at the back of the palace ossuary would have worked better if the references to earth and springing violets had been cut. However, William Dudley's set, swivelling rows of domestic choir-stalls, turns out to be far less crimping and confining than I'd feared; and the supporting performances are never less than adequate and sometimes more. Michael Elphick's Claudius looks and sounds a bit too much like an up-market wide-boy slouched in from the BBC's *Law and Order*; Geoffrey Chater's Polonius has a brutal snappishness that makes his children's devotion hard to explain; but who could have predicted that Jill Bennett's Gertrude, at first mainly the smiling socialite, would end by sobbing up her guts gruesomely enough for us to believe not only that she has a heart, but that it actually has been 'cleft in twain'? The result hasn't, I suppose, the overall subtlety we expect from the RSC; but it is splendidly strong in just those qualities in which that company is occasionally deficient, vitality and clarity.

Actually, the RSC itself was in good, vital form last week. Up went the sheepskin walls that had been weirdly passing themselves off as Duke Frederick's palace, revealing a dozen towering, gloomy pines and inspiring Susan Fleetwood's tired, shivering Rosalind to remark 'well, this is the Forest of Arden' with the sort of enthusiasm a political exile might bring to 'well, this is Siberia'. And in some ways one could see what she meant. Off-white sheep-fur remains on the ground, denoting snow. The resident bigwig, Trevor Baxter's Duke Senior, turns out to be a moralising bore, an amalgam of donnish ecology buff, busybodying bishop, and ra-ra scout-master; and the resident eccentric, Derek Godfrey's Jaques, is hardly more appealing, a semi-retired voluptuary of florid appearance and pronounced paedophiliac propensities. Spring is badly needed, and spring is precisely and paradoxically what is imported by the new arrivals from the smoke: Miss Fleetwood herself, Sinead Cusack's Celia, John Bowe's Orlando.

These work very well together. From the first we feel that the girls' friendship is a genuine thing, with its downs as well as its ups. Indeed, Miss Cusack does much to bring an unrewarding part to life by suggesting that she too fancies Orlando, is jealous of, if goodhumouredly resigned to his preference for Rosalind, and doesn't altogether relish her role as gooseberry at their flirtations. Meanwhile Miss Fleetwood is busy trying, I think successfully, to reconcile male swagger with female yearnings, late-adolescent coltishness with a passion we're meant to take seriously. She and Mr Bowe bob and bounce through the glades, playing matador and bull, or miming an old couple in bed, bickering over their share of the eiderdown. It could be embarrassing, at times it almost is; and yet Miss Fleetwood leaves you feeling that all this delirium (and, in Terry Hands's production, it rises to a pagan love-in and fertility-feast involving the cast as a whole) really does reflect a more-than-average capacity for emotion. Just one tiny point more. By slightly mispronouncing 'hour', Mr Godfrey brings out the hidden pun in 'from hour to hour we rot and rot'. But does he realise that in an Elizabethan mouth its ambiguity may have gone still further – 'from whore to whore we rut and rut'?

Ubu turns out to be a prolonged battle between Milligan and Jarry, ending with the predictable result: pyrrhic victory for the living adaptor's puckish fatuities over the abrasive iconoclasm of the dead playwright. There are even references to Peter Sellers and the dreaded lurgi, just to remind nostalgia-freaks of the long-gone days of the Goon Show on the Home Service. Charlie Drake, with his squashed-cherub looks and throwaway manner, brings neither much energy nor much fun to the garish monster Ubu, here quaintly translated into a Dagenham shop steward. Recast, gingered up, moved to the Palace or Prince of Wales, the thing might win a following. Otherwise, not.

Theatre – 2

Paul Allen

Flowering Shrub

Good Fun by VICTORIA WOOD *Crucibl Theatre, Sheffield*

The familiar voice of Victoria Wood is on which rhymes failure with genitalia withou descending into a rugby club song; a voic which is fresh, comic, challenging and abov all specific. The reason people sometime walk out of her plays is not simply that sh uses rude words but that, unlike run-of-the mill foul-mouthed blatherers from factory floor to board-room, she means them. Whe she tells us about a man who thought a clitor was a flowering shrub, it is 'flowering shrul that is the random choice for the sake of a gag

Pigeon-holers will find a space for her be *tween Joe Orton and Ken Dodd, but she wi* undoubtedly protest that she has bigger ti than either; while comedy remains large male in execution and scope, her voice characteristically and aggressively female. Ju like *Talent*, the play with songs which won h a couple of 'most promising playwrigh awards last year, *Good Fun*'s rude word hilarious gags and the insights which are mo varied than either are all in the mouths of th women at its centre.

The play is set in one of those awful buil ings that fall into the hands of arts organis tions with more enthusiasm than grip and g described as 'basically an adaptable space', phrase which applies equally to Liz, who ru it. Liz, clad in a dowdy shift topped by unru hair, has conceived a hopeless passion for radical punch-and-judy man but is no likeli to consummate that than she is to get ready time for a cystitis sufferers' party, equipped she is with oats, turmeric, parsnip wine, a faulty stage lighting, but not much else. She determinedly nice but sloppy-minded, bra enough to break into a clog dance to show t kind of tradition she is supposed to be keepi alive, stupid enough to volunteer to adopt unwanted baby as a ticket to her boyfrien commune and to drop the deal the second no longer serves her purpose.

Jesus is unavailable and the five thousa do not get fed. The ending is as unsentimen as everything else in the show and is presag by a marvellous song from the pregnant lo girl Liz has been patronising, which begins hope you're not expecting a song abc clowns. I hate bloody clowns.' That so which does not sound as though it has be written for Victoria Wood alone to si marks one of the advances from *Talent*.

Another is the possession of a carefully a even self-consciously worked out story li What Victoria Wood hasn't yet masterec the difference between filling a play w incident and plotting it so that all its act and dialogue move it forward. Although i complete with little time-bombs primed in first act to explode in the second, the act structure is a series of comic charac

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sketches. These feature an overmothered librarian (Charles McKeown) with barely expressible designs on Liz: a kind of humourless school-marm (Noreen Kershaw) who was a loathsome success at school and now exacts a horrible revenge for everything said to and about her; and an overblown middle-aged cosmetics salesperson with a hunched back and a taste for disco-dancing. This last role gets from Julie Walters a bravura performance which is blissfully funny and in splendidly bad taste. I wouldn't have missed it for the world but it does hold everything up brutally and that is the kind of problem Victoria Wood badly needs to resolve before the play's glorious comic power is fully revealed. It may mean taking 15 minutes from a first act that nearly collapses under its own weight, and adding a song. She might even try writing a song for a man; she might also ask if her own role as a sort of unblinking chorus is really necessary.

David Leland's precise and fierce direction and Roger Glossop's winning set provide the frame for some excellent acting with Annabel Leventon authoritatively commanding centre stage as Liz despite the diversions. I especially treasure the moment when she decides to hunt for the bra she has been making butter in and smarten herself up for the boyfriend; exiting as an ugly duckling she returns minutes later in a 'proper' dress, ankle socks and pigtails: a fully fledged ugly duck.

Opera

Peter Conrad

Two Hoydens

Manon Lescaut *Metropolitan Opera, New York*

In alternation with the Met's performances of its new *Manon Lescaut*, the New York City Opera across the plaza at Lincoln Center has this month been playing its production of *Manon*. The contrast between these two musical incarnations of Prévost's hoyden is fascinating. Massenet's Manon is a prancing flirt, for whom love is a feckless hedonistic delight. As always in Massenet, sex approximates a perfumed and uneasy sanctity: the man Manon beguiles, des Grieux, turns to the church to save himself from her, and becomes an eloquently sanctimonious abbé. Puccini's Manon Lescaut, however, is no trifling coquette: she's violent, visceral and profane, like a rapacious d'Annunzio heroine. When *Manon Lescaut* had its premiere in 1894, a decade after *Manon*, an Italian critic described it as 'the song of our paganism'.

Sex in *Manon Lescaut* is at once a vital glory and a vile degradation. The worst Massenet's Manon does to des Grieux is to entice him away from his claustration at Saint Sulpice and cajole him into playing faro at the Hotel Transylvanie, but Puccini's heroine first inflames des Grieux and then enslaves and humiliates him. Massenet's score is an elegant pastiche of the rococo; Puccini's has the hyperbolic fury of the verismo, combined with the morbid chromaticism of *Tristan*. His version of the story is too psychologically savage to belong in Prévost's 16th century, and it's appropriate that, whereas Massenet's heroine wiltingly expires at Le Havre, Puccini's should end in the parching American desert. This final scene is often derided for its offence against realism, but the desert through which Manon and des Grieux struggle is the dry heat of their own sensual derangement. Even the hiccups in the libretto serve this dramatic logic. To avoid the imputation of plagiarism from Massenet, Puccini elided the intermediary stages of the action, like Manon's impoverished sojourn in Paris with des Grieux or the events after their embarkation at Le Havre. The gaps, however, catapult Puccini's characters from one stage of abasement to the next. The elopement of Manon and des Grieux is an adolescent prank; already in the following scene she has aged into a bored and pettish courtesan. The reunion at Le Havre is an explosion of joy; but the next scene strands them as fugitives in a scorching waste.

Manon Lescaut is a prolonged, bitterly rebarbative duet between its two principals, in which the deceit and disgust of sexual obsession is painfully exposed. Manon first ensnares des Grieux with her innocence; later, in Geronte's house, she reclaims him by mobilising all her professional blandishments. She is the most alarming of Puccini's monsters, frigid, selfish, incapable of genuine emotion. As des Grieux accusingly declares, Manon is 'sempre la stessa'. She can't change or grow: her dramatic function is to cause change in him. He begins as a jovial boy and ends as a grovelling, demoralised wreck. Though he's dismayed by his enthralment to Manon, he can't free himself. The orchestral allusions to *Tristan* make this a study, like Wagner's opera, of sex as a pathological affliction and a biological combat between the voracious female and her helpless male prey.

Because of this intense concentration on the wrangling protagonists, *Manon Lescaut* can work only with a pair of great singing actors and, in Renata Scotto and Placido Domingo, the Met has them. I'm usually allergic to the narcissism of Scotto's acting and the dynamic affectations of her singing, but her coy trickery suits the inauthentic, posturing Manon, and her hushed delivery of the dying lament, 'Sola, perduta, abbandonata', skilfully skirted both the gutsiness of conventional verismo and the ear-piercing shrieks to which she's liable when overtaxing her voice. Scotto is all self-admiring mannerism: Domingo, as befits des Grieux, is all generous, impulsive ingenuousness. At the inn in Amiens he is lyrically affable, his voice aquiver with desire; later, when his life (as he wails) has turned into a prolonged torment, he brings to the music the enraged intensity of Otello or the delirious Tristan. James Levine's conducting of the final scene seemed too indulgent towards Scotto, who was dying in an orgy of slow-motion spasms and whispered half-tones, but he manages the transition from the comic levity of the first scenes to the tragic grief of the conclusion with sure understanding. So does the designer, Desmond Heeley: his sets for Amiens, Paris and Le Havre are opulent picture-postcards, complete with bromided livestock supplied (according to the programme) by All-Tame-Animals, Inc.; but for Louisiana he has devised a starkly abstract plain, with a skeletal ridge and a crimson sky.

The performance I saw was a global relay, transmitted live by satellite to television networks in Europe and the Far East. Television is rescuing the world's beleaguered opera houses from their deficits: that same day Covent Garden's *Lucrezia Borgia* was being telecast in this country. BBC2 has the Met's *Manon Lescaut* on videotape and will show it soon. It oughtn't to be missed.

Weekend Competition

Set by Snubbin

The shade of Cecil Day Lewis will hardly rejoice to learn from a reviewer of his son's recent biography that 'his enduring work lies in the excellent Virgil translations . . . and in the series of "Nicholas Blake" thrillers'. Extracts (up to 150 words by 25 April) please from a review, obituary or other article which, by similarly emphasising minor or even minimal aspects of a celebrity's career or achievement, brings off a thoroughly belittling effect. Subtlety is essential.

No 2609 **Set by Toby Jugge**

Disingenuous speeches from living Americans who decide to run for President.

Report **By Len the Unlucky**

What a week. There I am on my usual bench in Lincoln's Inn Fields, chewing my Marmite sandwiches and rueing the day I put £50 on Rubstic, when up strides PC 49 in unnaturally chummy mood. 'The lads and lasses in the complex have decided to hire a charabanc and drive to Exeter for Easter – give old Greenwell a bit of a surprise,' he announces. At last I begin to brighten, but he swiftly adds: 'So be a good lad and look after the whassname while we're away.' On Good Friday, alone in Great Turnstile (although I can't for the life of me see what's so Great about it), I rummage through the file and soon discover why the bosses have scarpered. Sheaves of dishonest speeches by dead Americans, honest speeches by living Americans – why do you have to heighten my torment by persistently ignoring the rules? Eventually, in the early hours of Bank Holiday Monday, I find a few entries that merit seven quid. Which is more than I get, I can tell you.

I just wanna say this to all you patriotic animal-loving Americans. My little dog, Checkers, hasn't been happy since the day he had to quit the White House. I know that if you could only see him right now, kind of pining away, I think it would bring such a lump to all your throats that you just wouldn't sleep at nights till that little dog was back where he

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belongs, curled up in his basket in the corner of the Oval Office. Now I guess you all know by this time, what I mean is, speaking personally, I have no ambitions for myself at this stage, all I want is to see that little dog happy again – but there's just no way that dog can get back home without his master . . .

BRIAN ALLGAR

My friends, I hear you ask 'Why does Norman Mailer want to be president?' The answer is simple: I seek humility, discipline and the satisfaction of serving others. Too often I've gone for the ego trip, the big money, the flamboyant public image. Now I seek to follow the example of the man who has shut himself in the White House and laboured quietly for the public good. I promise you that once elected I will make no speeches, give no press conferences, eschew TV appearances. In particular I promise I will never write a book called *The Hero As Superman* for a twenty-million-dollar advance. You will see the new, laid-back Mailer: not just born again, but reconceived. My presidential salary will be donated to oppressed minority groups – women and gays. Furthermore, I am prepared to *become* a woman or a gay if the American public want it that way.

BASIL RANSOME-DAVIES

Most of you people out there tonight, with maybe a few exemptions, will be familar with a song of mine. I think as far as my campaign goes that particular lyric says it all. I want all of you folks to be able to live those words. A nation of individuals, of Americans, living individual lives; and yet pulling together for a unified American goal. The goal of being able to look back some day from a position of comfort and honour on all the setbacks of the past, the petty defeats, the allegations of Italian business associates, the unplanned victories, the huge rewards; to look back on that endless highway and the countless small steps with a self-satisfied smile of satisfaction, and see it all as planned and pre-ordained, and to say: by God and Uncle Sam, I did it my way.

Ladies and Gentlemen, I stand by my record.

ROY KELLY

The main reason I, Billy Carter, am a candidate for the Republican nomination is that the nation has gotten used to having a Carter in the White House. With me, you can vote for change and still have President Carter. I think presidential families are a good thing, like the Adamses and the Roosevelts. What I say is: Keep the same make of car but turn it in on a newer and brighter model. Like I've always said, I'm the intelligent one in the family. I'm sure Jimmy won't take that personally. One trouble with Jimmy is that he's always getting bogged down in detail, like whether we should give up the Panama Canal. I never pay any attention to detail, so my mind is always clear. Another thing, we've got Plains all fixed up for tourists, and it would be a shame to have to tear some other town apart.

MALCOLM SHAW

Among this week's contributors:

DES HOGAN's latest novel *The Leaves on Grey* was published earlier this year.

MICHAEL KUSTOW is Associate Director of the National Theatre.

DAVID WINTER teaches 18th- and 19th-century European art at the University of Virginia and is writing a study of 18th-century genre painting.

ROSEMARY ASHTON lectures in English at University College, London. Her book, *The German Idea,* will be published next week.

JUDY COOKE has published short stories and a novel, *New Road*; she teaches in the Extra-Mural Department at London University.

PHILIP SCHLESINGER is Senior Lecturer in Sociology at Thames Polytechnic and the author of *Putting 'Reality' Together.*

My fellow Americans – we have denied ourselves the certainty of dominating the Moscow Games. All the more reason for restoring to the podium of the Presidency the only living double Gold Medallist in the race to the White House – the man who, in his triumph over adversity, has proved himself a true Olympian. Many bitter things have been said about Richard Nixon, but he harbours no bitterness in his heart – and he tells you now that he forgives his traducers just as another born leader in Palestine long ago forgave his enemies. *They* did not recognise the Son of God. *You*, believing false witness against me, did not realise that you were the pawns of a Kremlin that has never forgiven the only man man enough to give Khruschev a verbal licking at that Moscow trade fair many years ago . . .

ROBIN RAVENSBOURNE

Tony Miles

Chess

No 175 **Korchnoy confounds**

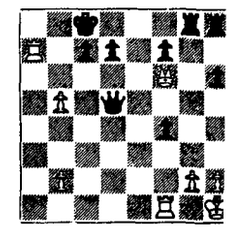
The first, and most crucial, of the candidates' matches is over and my first tentative prediction has been proved wrong. Viktor Korchnoy passed through to the semi-finals with a 5½-3½ win over Tigran Petrosian. Korchnoy always had the better of the match and notched two wins without reply. One interesting piece of backstage information of which I was not aware when making my foolish predictions is that Petrosian has apparently fallen from favour with the soviet authorities. I did know that he had been replaced as editor of the periodical '64' by a certain Mr Karpov but read little into it.

For some reason instead of the massive back-up team that the Soviets usually receive for such matches (Karpov's entourage was almost twenty) all Petrosian had was the aging GM Suetin with whom, I am told, he is not even on particularly friendly terms. My sources also tell me that Korchnoy, disappointed at the absence of the usual all-out war, actually felt sorry for his old enemy.

White: V. Korchnoy **Black: T. Petrosian**
1.P-QB4, P-K3; 2.N-QB3, P-Q4; 3.P-Q4, N-KB3; 4.N-B3, B-K2; 5.B-B4, 0-0; 6.P-K3, P-QN3. More common is . . . P-B4. **7.PxP, PxP; 8.B-Q3, B-N2; 9.P-KR3, P-B4; 10.0-0.** The observant reader may have noticed that the game has transposed to the Miles variation of the Queen's Indian! Now 10 . . . N-B3; 11.N-K5 would follow my two wins over Spassky. **10 . . . QN-Q2; 11.Q-K2.** I like 11.N-K5, but perhaps Korchnoy hasn't learned the system too well yet! **11 . . . P-B5; 12.B-B2, P-QR3; 13. QR-Q1, P-QN4; 14.P-R3, R-K1; 15.N-K5, N-B1;16.B-R2, Q-N3; 17.P-B3, P-QR4.** I remember after showing Michael Stean my first win over Spassky how he commented that Korchnoy was terrified of facing this kind of Q-side pawn majority I wonder when he changed his mind. **18.K-R1, P-N5; 19. N-R4, Q-N4; 20.R-R1.** A remarkable move, simply defending the QRP. Note that . . P-N6 is met by 21.N-B3. **20 . . . N(3)-Q2; 21.NxN, NxN; 22.P-K4, N-B1.** This gives White too much freedom. 22 . . . N-N3 looks preferable. **23.B-KN1, B-QB3; 24.KR-K1, QR-N1; 25RPxP, RPxP; 26.P-QN3!** Giving Black a big passed pawn bu completely blocking his Q-side counterplay **26 . . . P-B6; 27.B-Q3, Q-N2; 28.B-R6, Q-Q2 29.B-R2, PxP.** If . . . QR-Q1? 30.N-N6, Q-R2 31.NxP, BxN; 32.B-N5! winning wood. Petrosian typically, gives up an exchange to ease his position **30.PxP, QxQP; 31.QR-Q1, Q-R2; 32.BxR, RxB 33.B-B4, B-K1; 34.R-KB1, B-KN4; 35.R-Q5, Q-K2 36.N-B5, P-N3; 37.Q-KB2, B-R3; 38.P-K5! B-N2 39.N-K4! BxP; 40.R-K1! K-N2?** The last move before the time control and the decisive error. The best chance was . . . B-N2 though that would cos the QBP. **41.N-Q6!** The sealed move. Now all the tactics work for White. The main point is that or 41 . . . P-B3; 42.Q-QB5! Q-Q2 (else N-B6ch 43.R(Q5)xB! PxR; 44.QxPch kills. Also or 41 . . . N-Q2; 42.NxBch, RxN; 43.B-N5 wins the house. In desperation Petrosian gives up his queen **41 . . . BxN; 42.RxQ, BxR; 43.R-Q1, B-KB3 44.R-KB1, N-Q2; 45.P-N4, R-B1(?); 46.B-N5** Resigns.

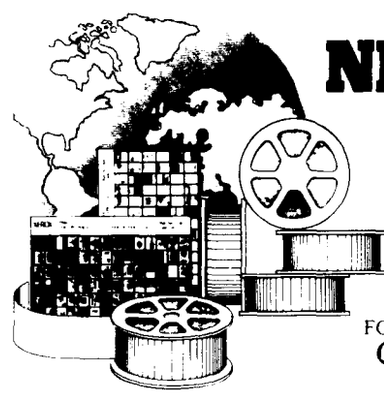
Problem 175

White to play. Who stands better and how should the game go? Answers to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked no later than 23 April.



Solution to problem 173

1 . . . R-N4ch! 2.K-R4 (2.PxR, P-R5ch; 3.K-B3 Q-K5 mate or 2.N-N4, RxNch; 3.PxR, P-R6c mating), QxN! Resigns. If 3.PxQ, R-N5mate o 3.PxR, Q-K5ch.



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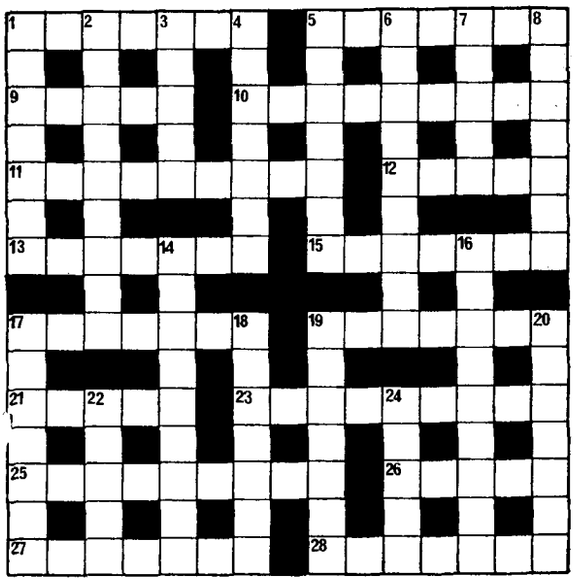
Weekend Crossword 1339

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1339, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post April.



ACROSS

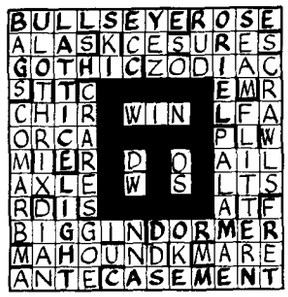
1 Good fortune was successful back in India (7).
5 Forbidden when gratitude is disapproved (7).
9 No transport returns for Francis (5).
10 Take an unusually hard line about northern part of Europe (9).
11 Tries a lot when translating into Greek (9).
12 'Will — me ever or disseat me now' (*Macbeth*) (5).
13 Shifty dealer given about a thousand for stone (7).
15 A certainty and a favourite but a bit cut off (7).
17 Unhappy about an instrument being honoured (7).
19 Rider looking gaunt (7).
21 Philosopher gives man a means of going back (5).
23 Flowering at mother's request? (9)
25 The smartest things babies wear in the street (9).
26 Entertain as a goddess (5).
27 Sits uncomfortably beside gloomy and cruel people (7).
28 Wrongly parries sharp weapons (7).

DOWN

1 Having lips, I took some food at the party (7).
2 Colouring made of combustible material found outside a ravine (9).
3 Composition for the violin one tries to play (5).
4 Yarn for the vanquished (7).
5 Ladies and Gentlemen devour T. S. Eliot (7).
6 Everyone goes in to fetch, making an opening (9).
7 Hold forth when there is nothing to value (5).
8 Editor translated about five hundred for encyclopaedist (7).
14 Animals appear and the insect runs away (9).
16 A page with room for an unoriginal remark (9).
17 Science writing about a man's divisions (7).
18 Shirkers become workers only when the chief is absent (7).
19 Not a lover embracing the modern woman, but an animal (7).
20 Depart from the main line? (7).
22 In the morning ran downhill – it is magnificent! (5).
24 Exchange about a thousand for an unproductive piece of land (5).

SETSQUARE

Solution to Salamanca 28



Unclued answers are windows. Solvers were asked to shade in 16 tedy, 17 mayday, 19 Troy, 25 relay, 26 ley, 35 pioy.

Prizewinners to Salamanca 28

P. F. Henderson (St Andrews)
Colin Coates (Derby)
R. A. England (London W3)

APPOINTMENTS

NACRO

SAFE NEIGHBOURHOODS UNIT

NACRO have been awarded a three year grant by the Greater London Council to set up and run a Safe Neighbourhoods Unit. The Unit is to work with residents to improve the quality of life on GLC estates.
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Write for Application Form and Job Description to: **Robert Beech, Secretary, NACRO, 169 Clapham Road, London SW9 0PU.** Closing date **28 April 1980.**

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HAMPSTEAD THEATRE. 722 9301. 'Threads' by John Byrne, sequel to 'The Slab Boys' dir. Robin Lefèvre. Mon.-Sat. 8 p.m. Sat. mat. 4.30 p.m. 'Ceaselessly funny' F. T. Must end 19 April.

NATIONAL THEATRE. 928 2252. 'Othello', 'The Wild Duck', 'Amadeus', 'Death of A Salesman'. Prevs 'Early Days'. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 928 2256.

OLD VIC. 928 7616. Nimrod Theatre of Australia production 'The Club' by David Williamson. 'Riotous mickey-take of life in Brian Cloughland Down Under' E. News. 4 March-12 April. Evgs 7.30. Sat Mat 2.30.

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Meetings

SURVIVAL OF THE WELFARE STATE: Sunday, 20 April, Dr Cyril Taylor, Anne Weyman, John Ray Price, Malcolm Wicks. 10.30 a.m. to 4.30 p.m. Nufto Hall, Jockeys Fields, WC1. £2 (pensioners/students £1). Details/tkts Socialist Medical Association, 9 Poland Street, W1V 3DG (Tel: 01-439 3395/01-346 5867).

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Committee Room 14, House of Commons, Wednesday 16 April at 8 p.m.

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Speakers: **Israel Ambassador, Rt Hon. Sir Harold Wilson, Rt Hon. Peter Shore, Lord Greenwood, Baroness Lee, Jack Jones.**
All welcome.

BIRMINGHAM FABIANS. 18 April, 7.30 p.m. Winterbourne, Edgbaston Park Rd. AGM followed by Ray Forrest 'Trends in housing policy'. Details 8 Park Hill Rd. B17 9SL.

MEETING ON CENSORSHIP in the Media. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, London WC1. Thurs. 17 April 7 p.m. Spkrs: Stuart Hood and Philip Hodson (Editor of 'Forum').

CENTRAL LONDON FABIAN SOCIETY. Lord Reg Underhill on 'The Labour Party & The Inquiry' in Committee Room 4B, House of Lords, Wed. 16 April 8 p.m. All welcome.

RAMAKRISHNA VEDANTA CENTRE: Sunday lectures on religion and philosophy. Enquiries: 06285 26464.

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